

The Canadian Woman's Magazine . January 1949 . Fifteen Cents

CHATELAINNE



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Painted expressly for Heinz by R. York Wilson, A.R.C.A., P.O.S.A

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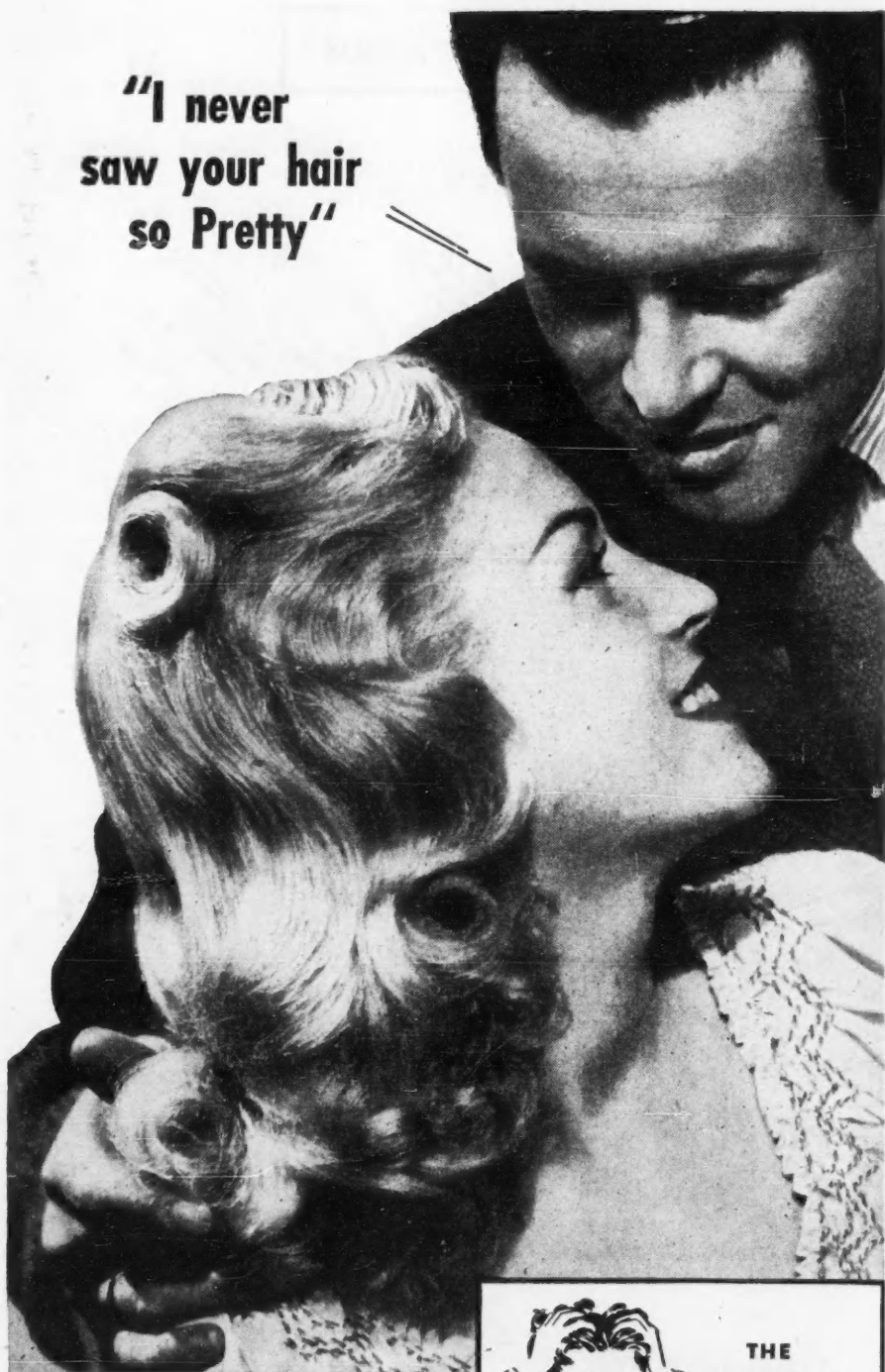
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saw your hair
so Pretty"



IF YOU WANT OTHERS to admire your hair . . . if you want to keep it looking its healthy best . . . be on guard against dandruff which can so quickly play hob with it.

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Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger-tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for DANDRUFF

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada



by LOIS STOCKDALE

YOU KNOW, there is an awful lot of nonsense talked and written about the gal who makes her living working in an office: to wit, the "Career Girl." Some of it is swallowable, and some of it I beg to take exception to. The particular "'Tain't So" I'm excepting at the moment is the picture too often drawn of the C. G. as a man-eater.

Yes, a man-eater! I can see her now, stalking through the jungles of, let's say, downtown Vancouver—her fingernails dyed red, her neat pin-striped suit belted around her, her smart hat pulled low on her glossy mane of well-brushed hair—trying to capture any or all men, but mostly the ones who have already been captured!

Now, I'm not here to defend predatory females. I do realize there are those of that nature among us'ns who work for a living. But there are also females who track down males among wives, too! Well, aren't there? And so, if the Ladies of the Home will allow, I'd like to come right out and say it. Honestly, girls, we don't want your men!

What brought this to a head? The other evening I "was to a doin's." It was a party given by a dearly beloved married friend of mine. The girls were gathered in the powder room, fussing up. The conversation turned inevitably to friend husband, and then to friend husband's work. And here we ran into a snag.

"Humph!" said Jean. "I just wish you could see what John has hired for a secretary. She's as smooth as paint, and all got up like something out of a fashion magazine . . . tailored suit, handmade white blouse, \$2 nylons, and, my dears, the very latest thing in hair-dos, or I miss my guess! She just thinks she's somebody. I dropped in the other day to get one of the girls in the office to run some errands for me, and when this queen drifted in . . . Well, was I burned up! And you should have heard her talk to John. "Yes, Mr. Blank." "Oh, certainly, Mr. Blank." "That long-distance call came through, Mr. Blank, but you were tied up, so I took the message. Mr. Roberts will be here on Friday for the conference. Shall I make reservations?" Say, butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, let me tell you! I just told John that the minute I . . ." Well, Jean was getting herself all worked up about it, so I tried to shift the conversation. I can usually wangle it, because I've been both . . . first a housewife, and then, due to a set of cir-

Jealous of the women who work with your husband? This witty career girl tells you how silly *that is* — unless you're falling down on your own job as wife and running mate



cumstances, a career girl, and the girls feel free to break down in front of me.

However, later in the evening I took stock of Jean. She used to be a very pretty girl, and at one time had worked in an office herself, as most wives today have. Still, I had to admit (and I like Jean) that she *had* put on too much weight. Her dress would have suited her better 10 years ago. Also her hair was kind of . . . well, uninteresting, and none too neat. And Jean, mind you, had been as smart as John's secretary, when she was in an office.

But the worst of her faults was a set of little habits she had acquired. For instance, not listening when her husband made a remark that was general rather than personal, or breaking into the middle of his sentences with scornful comments when he tried, in a harmless way, to recount minor business or sports triumphs. Also, the way she said, "Yes, dear," in a mother's-too-busy-to-talk-now voice when he referred to her for an opinion. And yet, I know Jean thinks John is about the most wonderful thing in the world. As witness, the fact that she bristles with dismay at the thought of what she considers office competition. It was then I began to wonder if the Office Wife theory might not have some roots in the Home Wife attitude.

Let's take it from the career girl's angle, and you'll see what I mean. In the first place, no career girl wants to man-snatch a tired businessman who probably has a nice wife and a couple of children and who is just in the middle of paying off the second mortgage. For the most part, amorous attentions from the boss are not only tiresome, they're downright dangerous. A gal who gets herself mixed up, in a personal way, with the man she works for ends up in a spot . . . usually without a job, and with a reputation for making trouble. Business girls know that when it comes to an office romance, they are the expendables. And when they're fired, their reputation is fired too.

I'm thinking of one particular case at the moment . . . the sad saga of Sally. Sally is a swell person, with a habit of thinking well of everyone. At least she did have this habit. Now, Sally's boss was a wolf of the mightiest wolves. At first Sally, who hadn't been warned, thought he was just "nice and friendly." By the time she found out that he had ideas about secretaries, and horrifiedly "no'd" him, people were winking behind her back. And now Mr. Wolf, mad at Sally for the "no," has had her fired on some pretext or other. This is a true tale, and I may say to Sally's credit that the only encouragement she ever gave him was to laugh at his unwitty witticisms, to play up to him when people were around, and to have dinner with him on two occasions when they were working . . . and I do mean working!

So you see what I mean, I hope! If a girl has to earn herself some bread and a little jam, she's got to keep her reputation clean. But, on the other hand, she'd better be boss's little helper, too . . . or she's no darned good to him. Also there are certain things she'll have to do and be to compete + Continued on page 29

Love-quiz . . . For Married Folks Only



WHAT SINGLE MISTAKE THREATENS HER ONCE HAPPY MARRIAGE?

- A. This foolish wife failed to take one of the first steps usually important to marital compatibility.
- Q. What is that first step so vital to continual marital congeniality?
- A. A wise wife practices sound, safe feminine hygiene to safeguard her daintiness with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching . . . "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Aren't salt or soda effective enough?
- A. No, indeed! Homemade "makeshift" solutions can't compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. "Lysol" is gentle to sensitive membranes, yet powerful against germs and odours . . . effective in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Kills germs on contact—stops objectionable odours.
- Q. Do doctors recommend "Lysol"?
- A. Many leading doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. Safe to use as often as you want. No greasy after effect. **Three times as many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene as all other liquid products combined!**

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol". Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol" . . . no other product is more effective!

Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

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GOODNESS!
But meat is
good for babies!



**Swift's Strained Meats supply
body-building nutrients
every baby needs**

Good is right! Nature has endowed meat with extra-special body-building nutrients to help your baby grow sturdy and strong. In actual scientific tests, babies fed Swift's Strained Meats were in *better physical condition—better satisfied* than babies who received no meat. Meat's blood-building iron helped prevent infant anemia! With Swift's Strained Meats, specially prepared for earlier meat-feeding, it's easy to give your own precious baby this head-start on health!*

Swift's Strained Meats are 100% meat. Meat provides lots of complete, high-quality proteins—*complete* because meat proteins supply all the essential body-builders (amino acids), and baby must get them all at the same time for sturdiest, soundest growth! Meat gives baby natural B vitamins for health and iron for good red blood. Six kinds: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart—help baby acquire a taste for variety and form sound eating habits. Ready to heat and serve.

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your baby should start
Swift's Strained Meats
... ask him.*



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P.S. (PERFECTLY SWELL) Diced Meats for—



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(to encourage
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PLAY-SCHOOLERS
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**In fact—whole families love
dishes made with delicious →**

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SWIFT...foremost name in meats
...first with 100% Meats for Babies

Equal Parts of LOVE

by Valeria Winkler Griffith

MRS. HITCHCOCK rose and her printed silk dress pulled loose from the varnished wicker chair with a small ripping sound. She distributed cards and neatly sharpened pencil stubs to the girls seated on the veranda. "Now," she said briskly, "a little surprise for Ruth. We're all going to write out our favorite recipes and then I'm going to put them in this little box for her."

Ruth said, "Oh, how nice!" and the others murmured, "How sweet. What a clever idea, Mrs. Hitchcock." They nibbled at their pencils for a moment or two and then bent their shining blond and brown heads over the cards.

Stephanie Gray surreptitiously moved her chair deeper into the shade of the wistaria vine that clambered over the latticed end of the porch. Mrs. Hitchcock had been right. It was too hot for the black faille suit. Its pleats were crumpled and sagging and the jacket clung stickily to her shoulders. Stephanie would have changed except +

Continued on page 21

Illustrated by Jim Walker



Just an Ordinary Guy

by Dorothy Curnow Handley

Illustrated by Carl Robertz



THE RAIN was coming down in bucketfuls and Coby wondered if he dared close the shop a half hour early. Not many people out on a day like this—yet he couldn't afford to lose even one customer. Not and support Serita in the style to which she was accustomed.

Then it hit him again. There wouldn't be any shop when he took over the job of supporting Serita. There would be only those cows . . .

He stared out the window, watching the raindrops playing leapfrog in the puddles. Cows! There ought to be some way of marrying Serita without having to marry those cows too!

His eye was caught by a bright splash of color—a girl coming down the street in a red raincoat. Coby smiled. The little nurse—and that girl surely loved to read! Not even this storm could keep her from walking the three blocks from the hospital.

He opened the door as she ducked in under the awning. "A diller a dollar, a 10 o'clock scholar!" he chanted, "What makes you come so soon? You used to come at 10 o'clock, but now you come at noon."

"I wouldn't spoil things by mentioning that it's 5.30!" She took two books from under her protecting raincoat. "A girl has to do something to break the monotony, even if it's only reading a book."

"Monotony—in a hospital?" Coby waited for the dimple to appear at the corner of her mouth. That dimple had fascinated him since the first day she'd come in, a few months ago. It didn't fit in the lean planes of her face and, like most misfits, was utterly charming. "From experience, I'd say monotony was the most of what they had the least of."

The dimple came. "Involved, Mr. McShane—but I get it. And what experience?"

Coby went to the file where he kept the cards for his small lending library. "I've been in that hospital three times in the last six months." He turned to the L's. Labrum, Lacey, Larking, Lawson—Lee. Miss O. Lee. He took the card from the file. Olive? Odette? He was stymied. You could go just so far with the O's . . . "I went clear through the war without a scratch, but since last July I've had three broken ribs, two cracked vertebrae and one broken arm—at intervals, of course."

"Oh, my!" She regarded him, a thoughtful look on her face. "Have you picked out anything special for the next time?"

Coby dropped his pencil. "Next time? Ye gods—do you think I do it for fun?"

"N-no, I wouldn't call it fun, exactly. But then—" her grey eyes went slowly around the shop, from the stacks of bright magazines and rack of greeting cards to the shelves of books. "I wonder . . . you like this little shop, don't you?" she asked unexpectedly. "I mean, you haven't a secret yen to do something else?"

"Lord, no! I'm just an ordinary guy, with no special talents or anything like that. I've always loved books, so when I got out of the service, I used my money to start this shop. I haven't been able to buy any yachts, but—I like it."

He had more than liked it. Opening the door every morning, smelling the particular smell that bookshops have; lighting the little gas heater; unpacking new books—he took a deep breath. “I—sort of hate to give it up.”

“Give it up?” There was sudden, unguarded dismay in her face and Coby spoke quickly:

“Don’t worry—the shop will be here. I’m selling out, that’s all. At least, I think Pop Baldwin has found a buyer for it.”

The dimple was gone. “But why?”

“Well,”—he could feel his ears go pink—“you see, I’m getting married day after tomorrow.”

“Married—really?”

“Really. It will be quite legal with a ring and a minister, and then I’m going into the cow business—I mean, into a dairy. The biggest one in the country. It has hundreds of acres of grazing land. It has”—he swallowed—“over a thousand head of cattle. It turns out tons of butter. It makes cottage cheese. It—it’s wonderful!” He hadn’t intended it to sound so argumentative, and he saw that she had caught it.

“Oh? Who said so?”

“Pop Baldwin—I mean it is!” Coby’s voice rose. “Nobody had to tell me. I’m a very lucky man, you know. Pop Baldwin has spent his whole life building that dairy up, and naturally he wants . . .” his voice trailed off. Why was he telling her all this, anyway?

“I see,” she said after a moment. “The bride is Pop Baldwin’s daughter, of course. And I can take it from there. Love me, love my cows.”

Coby couldn’t leave it like that. She had to know how wonderful Serita was—how beautiful. “We’ve known each other since we were kids, and we would have been married last July if I hadn’t broken my ribs. Then in October I fell and cracked my vertebrae, and in January—but nothing’s going to happen this time,” he added firmly.

“Hmmm.” There was a queer gleam in her eyes, but before Coby could pin it down to a definition, she’d turned to the door. “Well, congratulations and all of that there—and I’ve got to be getting back. I’m on the surgical floor now, and I just ran down to return the books on my dinner hour.”

“Wait.” Coby stuffed the card back into the file. “I’m closing up—I’ll walk that far with you.”

It was raining harder than ever when they came out into the dusk, but she walked briskly beside him, holding her head up to meet the rain, not worrying over its effect on her brown curls. Coby liked that. Miss Lee . . .

“I’ve been wondering,” he said, “what the O. was for?”

She chuckled. “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.”

“Of course, if it’s a secret—”

“It isn’t that—” she glanced at him, her eyes twinkling. “All right, I’ll tell you. It’s O’Brien.”

He walked straight into a puddle. “No!”

“Yes!”

Continued on page 23



Coby's eyes held to it in helpless fascination. One more step—and maybe he could escape going to church tomorrow to pledge his life away.

He had known

warmth and companionship

within his

family circle.

Then she came . . .

a stranger . . . who, unlike

Ruth, said: "Your people are

not my people"



The Bride from Holland

by Eva-Lis Wuorio

NOW WITH Mama, you know how it is. Like in the old country. She wants happiness to centre about the home, the table. She wants all of us to be together enjoyably. I, Carmelita, have always known that. And also Flavio. And Pietro who was killed in the war, in Sicily. But not Trix, who is Flavio's Dutch wife. She is different.

You can, of course, understand that. Why should she not be different? She is born in a country full of tulips, windmills and canals. Not like us, used to all modern conveniences like jukeboxes, drugstores and movies. But Mama, she doesn't want to understand.

That first day, at the welcome feast, Mama says happily, "Another helping, Beatrissa, of my good ravioli, now?"

As Mama's ladle swings up from the tureen Trix says in her funny thin voice, "Thank you, no. Enough I have had."

I remember Mama then. Her black eyes snap wide and she stares, horrified. She whirls on her heel to look at Flavio. He attends to his plate, eating busily. She looks at me.

"But," she says, hopefully, "perhaps I don't understand right—"

"Yes," Trix says, "for me. No more at all. Thank you."

But I will explain. Papa comes to this country many years ago. He is a little man, but oh, so gay. In time he starts a little restaurant. It prospers. Mama works for him as a waitress. He marries her.

Our place, he calls it "Giovanni's." It is, as you see, this old red brick house, with those two chestnut trees spreading shadow over our corner, the bus station down the street, and below that, is Chinatown. Many of our people live around here. But many of the others too, from uptown, come to eat at Giovanni's.

This is, we think, because we are happy. Papa always mixes the salads. As he does it, he sings. You hear him from the kitchen to the dining rooms. As you see we do not break up the rooms of this house. We leave them as they are. Small, friendly. These murals our friends do when they need a few meals. The red and white checked curtains, that's Mama's idea. It's gay, she thinks. And there is Carmencita, the canary. She always sings at noon.

When Papa died Mama carried on. Now Pietro mixes the salads and he too sings. Flavio is the eldest, so he attends to the roasts. Mama keeps a sharp eye on everything. I am here at the cash.

It is like this. If there is a waiter who is not happy we let him go. It is too bad, but we too would become sad with his sadness and that is not good.

This is how Giovanni's is before the war.

We thought of closing up when the boys left. But then Mama says, "No. We keep the business for them. They will come back to Giovanni's they know. Not 'Forgotten' + Continued on page 18



Illustrated by Jack Bush

We Struck it

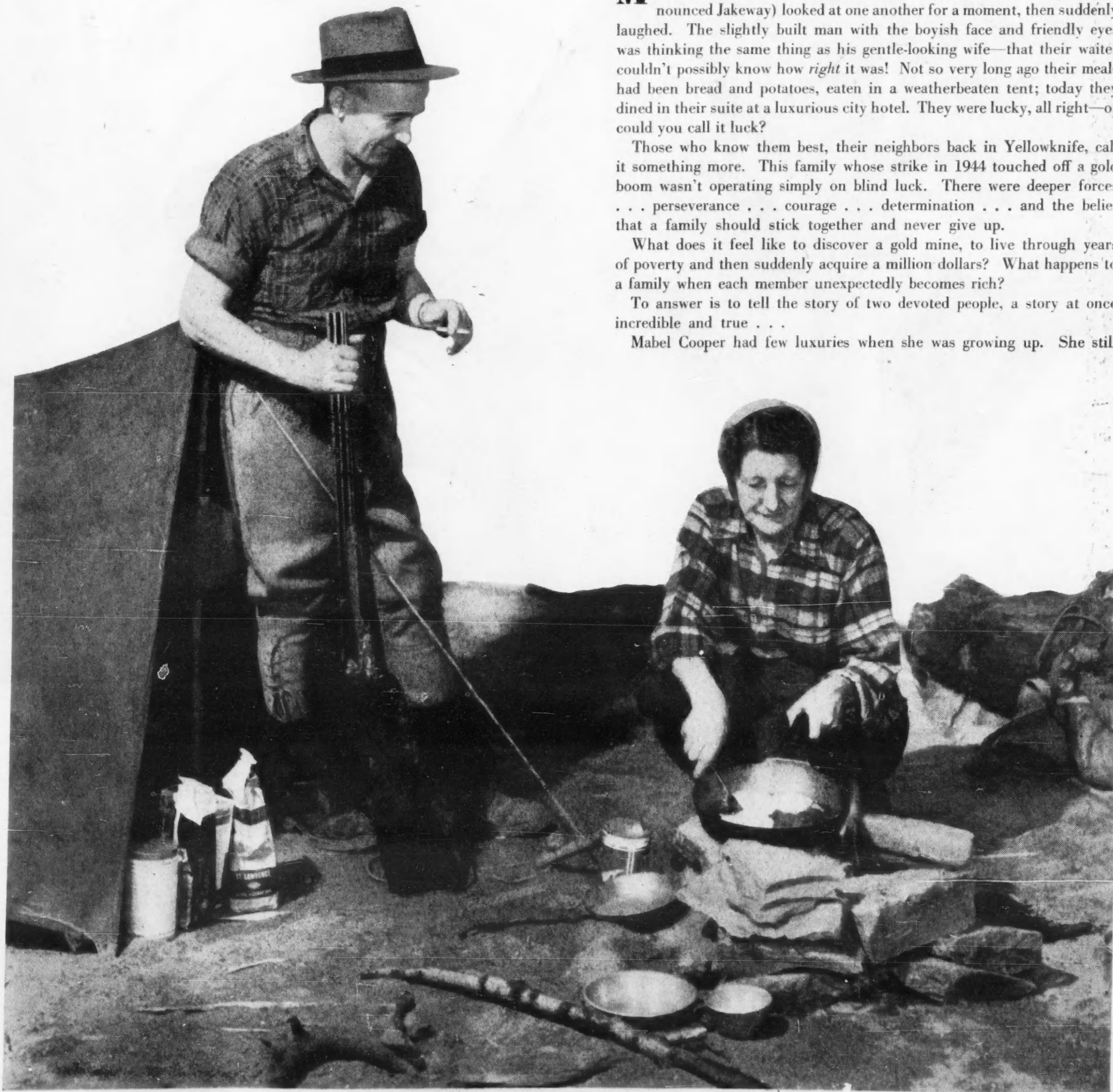
MILLIONAIRES are sometimes fussy about their food, and the waiter knew it. He set the roast chicken in front of the couple. "Will this be all right?" he asked anxiously. Mabel and Acel Giauque (pronounced Jakeway) looked at one another for a moment, then suddenly laughed. The slightly built man with the boyish face and friendly eyes was thinking the same thing as his gentle-looking wife—that their waiter couldn't possibly know how *right* it was! Not so very long ago their meals had been bread and potatoes, eaten in a weatherbeaten tent; today they dined in their suite at a luxurious city hotel. They were lucky, all right—or could you call it luck?

Those who know them best, their neighbors back in Yellowknife, call it something more. This family whose strike in 1944 touched off a gold boom wasn't operating simply on blind luck. There were deeper forces . . . perseverance . . . courage . . . determination . . . and the belief that a family should stick together and never give up.

What does it feel like to discover a gold mine, to live through years of poverty and then suddenly acquire a million dollars? What happens to a family when each member unexpectedly becomes rich?

To answer is to tell the story of two devoted people, a story at once incredible and true . . .

Mabel Cooper had few luxuries when she was growing up. She still



RICH

by EILEEN MORRIS

They left Saskatchewan broke and trekked north to find a gold mine and make a million. The story of what happened to the Giauques and their seven children on that amazing journey makes new pioneering history and a deeply moving story.

remembers her father building their sod house when they first settled in Saskatchewan. That was 1907 and she was 11, old enough to help lime the doors and windows.

It was 10 years later that she first met Acel, at a dance. There was something about the genial rancher's son that appealed to her, and they saw a lot of one another after that. Friends met them walking Sunday afternoon, he talking in his rapid-fire way, she listening sympathetically, smiling at his enthusiasms.

"He was forever dreaming of the day when he'd make a lot of money," Mrs. Giauque recalls now. "We didn't know then that there would come a time when dreams were all we had!"

Acel saved \$85 and bought an engagement ring. There was a flaw in the stone, but to the young lovers it was perfect. Then one January afternoon in 1919 they heard a minister repeat words full of significance . . . "For better, for worse. For richer, for poorer . . ."

They had little security, but Acel and his bride shared a faith in life and in each other that was worth far more than money in the bank.

In October their first child was born, a son. They named him Fred. Hubie, Harvey and Lois followed.

Those early days were happy. Acel was a steam and Diesel engineer and there was always a job for a hard worker. The children might not have fancy toys, but they enjoyed plenty of tomboy fun with their dad in the evenings. And from their mother they early acquired the art of "helping out." Her own background had taught Mabel Giauque the virtue of self-reliance, and the boys as well as Lois learned to darn and cook.

"We were getting along fine . . . then the depression struck," Acel recalls. "Times grew bad everywhere, but in Saskatchewan it was pitiful, for there was drought and dust, as well as depression."

Came 1929, 1930, 1931 . . . Acel saw job after job fold up. Mabel bore two more sons, Bruce and Orville. The struggle to live became more desperate. One awful day Mrs. Giauque pawned the engagement ring her husband had so proudly given her during their courtship. Acel's gold watch went next. Then came the day they dreaded. They went on relief.

The Struggle to Live

Do you think you could have lived on eight dollars a month, even in 1932? Somehow Mabel Giauque managed. At times there was nothing in her pantry but homemade bread, and on rare occasions there wasn't even that. But there was always hope in her heart and hope was all the Giauques ever needed to keep going. One day Mr. Giauque came home with good news. The government was giving land, a home and a cow to people on relief. It was their chance to become independent again, and that was more important than food or clothes or almost anything else, except being together.

All night they talked about the homestead. "We can keep lots of dogs there," Fred gloated. Acel thought about the soil. He'd heard some of this government land was poor. And Mabel wondered what sort of house they would find.

It turned out to be a shanty cabin 38 miles north of Meadow Lake, roughly in the middle of Saskatchewan. It had once been a horse stable; Indians had used it as a place to clean and dry hides. It was just a large, smelly, indescribably filthy room. But not for long. Not while Mabel had two strong arms to clean and scrub! They lived out that first winter with flour sacks nailed tightly over the open windows to keep out the fearful cold. In the spring they moved to another homestead nearby.

The future millionaire sowed oats in ground too poor to grow anything. Fertile topsoil had long since vanished from erosion. He'd have to find

another way to keep his family fed. Then came the chance to own a sawmill. A stranger offered it. "You'll pay for it in labor, by cutting wood for me," he said.

In one season they shipped 500,000 feet of lumber to this man who turned out to be a lot less honest than he might have been. Acel didn't always get a receipt for lumber he'd delivered and one day Mabel heard frightening news. The bailiff was coming to seize her husband's sawmill on the pretext that Acel was not living up to his agreement.

Her husband was away and there was no time to lose. "Come with me, boys," she commanded tersely. "And bring shovels!"

They followed in bewilderment. "Now, dig!" she said fiercely.

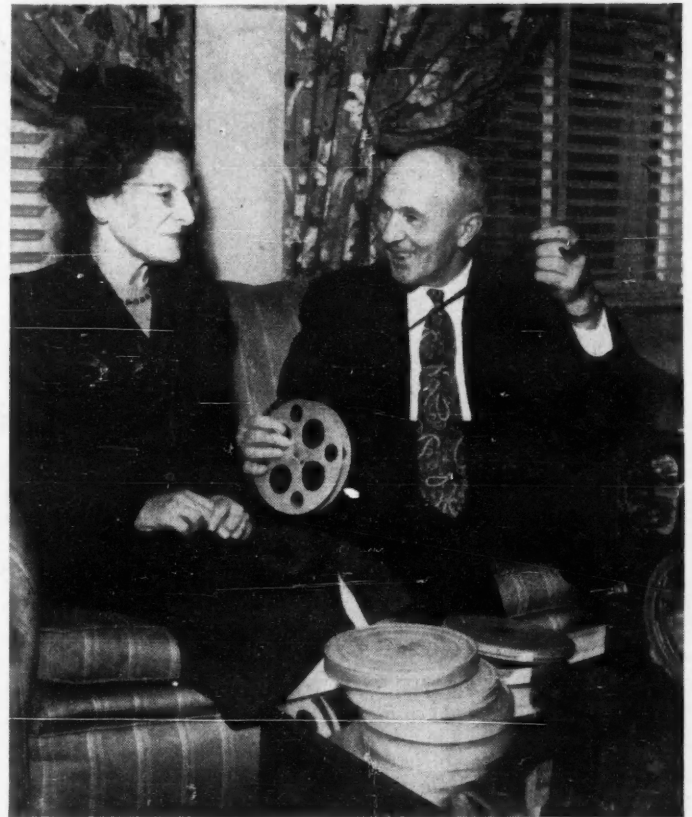
It was four o'clock in the afternoon when they started and the moon was sinking in the sky at two in the morning when they had finally buried the sawmill underground. Some parts of it weighed tons. When the bailiff appeared next morning they faced him blandly.

When Acel tells that story today, with a proud nod toward his wife, the visitor begins to understand a little of the deep bond between these two.

Ultimately Acel Giauque got receipts from the railway company proving that he'd shipped enough lumber to pay for the mill. And within 24 hours of proving that fact the cheery noise of the steam engine started up again. Working in her kitchen, Mabel heard it and smiled.

They sawed logs for their neighbors in exchange for pork and nails. Lumber paid the woman who helped Mabel through the birth of her seventh child, Lorraine. And their donated lumber built a little district school. But there was men's work to be done and books were neglected at times. Nine-year-old Hubie forsook his studies to run the steam engine 10 hours a day whenever his father headed to town for provisions.

During those times Mabel Giauque was + Continued on page 30



Gordon Sinclair explores

SPIRITUALISM

Canada's ace reporter, who has tracked down mystics from the Tiber to Timbuctoo, reports on the 750 weekly seances held in Canada; pierces the mumbo-jumbo of spirit vibrations, psychic manifestations, astral flights, and yet . . . and yet . . . ?

THE SATURDAY paper listed 14 spiritualist meetings in assembly halls, five in homes and one in a winterized tent.

In my city this was more than average because this was the centennial of organized spiritualism in North America and progress must be shown.

At the 20 meetings I could get in touch with the afterworld through 33 native or domestic clairvoyants, three American guest mediums, one Indian and a sort of robot. It was never made clear about the robot, but if subsequent experience was to be a criterion this was an effeminate male or a masculine sort of woman who said that everything would turn out for the best.

Depending on my own choice, I was offered messages through manifestation vibration, spirit greeting, trumpet seance, catalysis (chemical change) or thought.

The listings made me curious but not antagonistic. Spiritualist exposure was corn from away back. I'd read so-called revelations so often I was fed up with their everlasting sameness. In newspaper days, when I was a pretty hard-shelled reporter, I'd discussed some of the more obvious frauds with Houdini, Blackstone, Dunninger and other hatchet men in the field of debunking.

I'd gone with Blackstone to misty seances at which he'd been angrily bored, and afterward I even tried my own brand of arrogance at palm reading and card study. I was astounded at how many took me seriously; especially on shipboard, where there was little else to do.

But I'd also talked with some of the Oriental mystics who had baffled and delighted me. One, on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, had summoned birds from the air and, in somewhat desultory fashion, caused these birds to do small tricks.

None of this impressed me, but one trick did. The mystic said that if I thought of any name in the world he'd write that name on a paper. In those days I had but one sister-in-law and her name was not a common one. It was Olive Prewett. I thought of that name and now, 14 years later, I still have the paper on which the Indian fakir wrote it with accuracy.

Today, like anyone else of 48, I have numerous friends and

relatives who have, in the language of the spiritualists, "passed over."

Various middlemen, if we can believe them, stand between these departed friends and ourselves prepared to bring us messages from them and to submit to a reasonable amount of cross-examination.

They have trade papers for the purpose of keeping each other informed as to streamlining in the procedure and there are catalogues explaining new-style trumpets, writing slates, spectra glows and umbilical rumblings; whatever they are.

I decided to visit a series of meetings and mediums cold. That is, without advance knowledge of any kind. I agreed with myself that I'd use no pose, disguise, flippancy or untruth. What happened would happen and I'd record it as it came. The hop-off spot was the published list of 20 haunted houses.

The first was on one of those streets you could call Canadian to the core.

It had been a shacktown street, but the men who built those original shacks had land. Enough land so that each building was a separate building with ground around it. No tenements, duplexes or semidetached homes. Shacks; but each shack a story and each story a chapter in progress. Now the shacks were homes. Mostly on one floor but all with modernistic touches.

The place of the assembly was a double garage behind one of the few two-story houses on the street.

We approached over wooden duckboards and went through a blacked-out vestibule to a low-ceilinged room. The room was brightly lighted.

At a desk sat an elderly woman with a collection plate and a group of used envelopes. Three women ahead of me each dropped some article into an envelope, paid a quarter and got a piece of cardboard bearing a number. Unfamiliar with procedure, I stood there a bit dumbly so the woman asked, "Wouldn't you like a message?"

I said I would and was told to put an article—any article—into an envelope. I dropped a jackknife, paid my quarter and moved into this low room.

It held 90 chairs facing a low wide pulpit. On two wooden pillars tiny neon lights flickered in the shape of a cross and there was a larger wooden cross behind the medium's workbench or pulpit. An old black piano stood against the left wall.

There were 29 women and four men in the room when I entered. When the meeting began, on the tick of schedule, there were 57 women and seven men.

We sang the first and last verses of two long hymns while a handsome man who turned out to be the medium waved a green hymnbook in encouragement. The man then prayed for the recovery of the sick,

stating that they should tune in to his mental vibration band at 2.30 the following Sunday afternoon for healing thoughts.

He spoke with a pleasant English accent and was specific about the exact timing of the medicine thoughts; 2.30 on the button. We sang one verse of another hymn and six more people came in. Three tall young women sheepishly took front seats because the room was filling up. Three men crowded past me and one was soon nodding in sleep.

A prayer in which the audience took part was the last item before the messages. The congregation, or audience, gave the responses in a confident way as though through long familiarity.

The envelopes were placed before the medium who opened them in numerical order.

From the first he extracted an earring and held it a moment, apparently squeezing it as he held his eyes tightly closed.

"The vibration brings me a message about a man having trouble with his leg. I think the leg is paralyzed. It is the leg of William. Yes, the leg of William is paralyzed and William is in hospital. It is a military hospital. Will the owner of this article identify herself, please?"

A hand went up to my right; the hand of a poorly dressed and very stout woman.

"Does what I say make understanding to you?"

"Oh, yes," the woman exclaimed.

She paused between the "oh" and the "yes" in such a way as to give the words the sound of a reverend benediction.

"The vibration tells me that new methods will be tried on the leg . . . new methods are now being tried. They will be successful; William's recovery is sure."

While slowly speaking this judgment, the medium was fingering the next article. It, too, was an earring and belonged to a white-haired woman in the next seat.

"The vibration tells me that you are anxious about Tom. Tom is your son. Tom is a flier. Is this true?"

The woman bobbed up and said yes it was true, and when she sat down again she missed her chair and sat in another woman's lap. This caused momentary giggling. The medium got things back to the solemn events at hand by saying, "Tom, your boy, is not in the spirit world."

+

Continued on page 40



Gordon Sinclair takes notes, in an interview with a typical medium, interpreted by Grace Webster, well-known Canadian radio actress.

The HERITAGE

by LOIS KLEINHAUER

MANDA had been at McNab School for Girls almost three months before she brought out the doll and put it on her bed. It was a little doll, a dingy grey, with shapeless legs and one staring, blue glass eye and dirty yellow hair that stuck out in stiff strands around its head. But Manda laid it lovingly in the exact centre of her narrow bed, and put the doll's head on her pillow.

Julie had said so often, "Gosh, your bed looks bare. Haven't you anything to put on it?"

On Julie's bed on the other side of the window was a long-legged French doll and a black Scottie dog and a giant panda and a long-haired white cat with green eyes. Every night Julie took them all off and ranged them against the wall on the floor. Every morning she put them back on the bed.

Manda went down the hall to the bathroom to brush her teeth for the night, and when she got back Julie had come in. Julie was standing with arms akimbo staring at the doll. Dramatically, she clapped her hands over her mouth to stifle shrieks of laughter. But some of the other girls heard her. They came and stood in the doorway and looked with curious, eager eyes.

Julie pointed to the doll. They clustered around the bed and turned the doll over and over. "What is it?" "A doll!" "Oh, not a doll, not *really*!" They looked at Manda who stood with her chin lifted defiantly, her hands behind her back.

Julie said, "Amscray. Mrs. K. is coming."

They heard the housemother coming up the stairs, and the girls fled, giggling. When Mrs. Kordoy looked in, both Julie and Manda were taking off their blouses. She glanced around, and then she stepped into the room and unpinned a strip of pictures over Julie's bed. They were pictures of handsome men kissing pretty girls.

She said firmly, "You have been told, Julie, that we do not hang pictures like this in Mary Beecher House."

Julie said, "I like them. I've got loads of them in my bedroom at home."

The housemother tore the pictures in two and dropped them in the wastebasket. She lingered a while beside Manda's bed, smiling. She touched the doll gently. "It must have been a beautiful doll. You've had it a long time, haven't you?"

A little of the stiffness went out of Manda's shoulders. "Since my first Christmas. My father gave it to me then."

When they were in bed and the room was dark Julie said, "You never say anything about your father. Where is he?"

It was easier to talk in the dark. Manda turned her eyes to the faint red glow in the hall that was a reflection of the exit sign. "My father's a naval officer," she said. "I never see him."

That was the truth. Only not all of it. How could she tell Julie, even in the dark, that she did not remember ever seeing her father?

Julie said, "A naval officer! Gee, that's superfect! I bet he sends you all kinds of things."

Manda was silent. She couldn't bear to tell Julie that her father never sent her anything; that he had never given her anything except the doll.

Julie whispered, excitedly, "I bet I know something he sent you. That striped scarf. That's so foreign looking."

Manda said, "Yes." Faintly. She hated lying. But Julie would never need to know that her mother bought the scarf for her in Woodward's Basement. Her mother was always buying her things. Every holiday or week end that she went home her mother had a present for her in her dresser drawer. Not much. Not big things. But little things like notepaper with funny pictures in the corners. Or socks or hankies. Or flowers for her hair. She'd say, watching Manda with that air of pretended casualness, "I picked this up for you today—I was going through Donaldson's—and it looked just as if it belonged to you—" And Manda knew that she had probably spent all of her lunch hour looking for something for her. So then Manda would smile and try to look pleased, and the look of anxiousness in the back of her mother's eyes would fade a little.

MANDA WAS GROWING to dread holidays and the last week end in the month when they were allowed to go home. Mostly because she kept running into knots of girls whispering and giggling when they got back. About the things they had done. And boys. Mostly boys.

At first they said, "And what did you do, Manda?" But Manda never had anything exciting to tell. "Oh—mother and I went to a movie." But movies were dull. Even when she added with false gaiety. "And was it ever thrilling!" she could not hold their interest. They turned away. So Manda felt lonely and out of things after holidays. This, too, was her mother's fault.

She buried her face in + Continued on page 31

"There's just one thing you could have done," Manda said bitterly. "You could have stayed married to my father."

Illustrated by Ted McCormick





Representing an age group between 16 and 24, this young Canadian is typical of unmarried Councilors whose opinions are so necessary.



This "young married" fits into the age group 25 to 40, and represents the thinking of those women whose problems concern young families.



The wisdom of experience is brought to the Council through charming and alert women of this type in the age group 40 and over.

You're in there Somewhere

Your likes and dislikes; what you buy and what you don't; how you tackle your family problems; all this and more is mirrored in Chatelaine through its Council. Here's the story.

by MARY JUKES

YES, YOU. You and your ideas and your reactions.

One of those three women shown above might be you, as far as your likes and dislikes are concerned.

Each represents an age group into which all women fit, and each is representative of these groups in Chatelaine's Consumer Council.

Whatever your age, whatever your income, wherever you live, there's a section of Chatelaine's Council which reflects your thinking.

What is this Council?

It's WOMEN, 2,000 of them.

They live in every part of Canada. They view every imaginable scene from mountains and sea to flat plains and grain elevators; from the hustle and bustle of city streets to the quiet of a country road.

In winter some of them dig a path through waist-deep snow to the mailbox; then there are

others who let the postman dig his way to them!

Most of them are married—some only *just* married. Our Councilors have children ranging in age from a few weeks to 30 years. A few have a lot of money to spend, others less, but all of them have a definite way of life to report, a plan for living which is important and interesting not only to Chatelaine but to all Canadian women.

And that, ladies, is Chatelaine's Consumer Council.

What do they do, these 2,000 women?

Once a month they tell Chatelaine editors what they think on specific questions. They put us straight about what Canadian women, as a whole, are thinking on matters of personal and national importance.

But HOW do they do it?

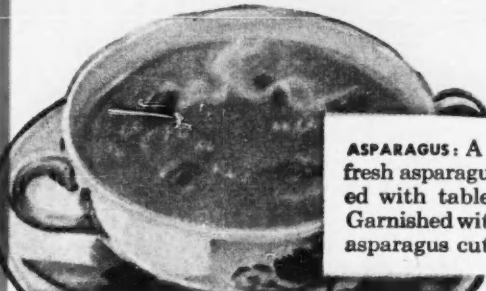
By sitting down in their own homes and answering written questions with straightforward and conscientious honesty, and posting them back to

us as quickly as possible. Thousands of words come back to Chatelaine in this way each month. And Councilors don't just answer the questions, either. They specify, they enlarge, they qualify. In this way we not only get full answers to our questions, we feel we come to know our councilors, personally. This gives us a close sense of comradeship with them.

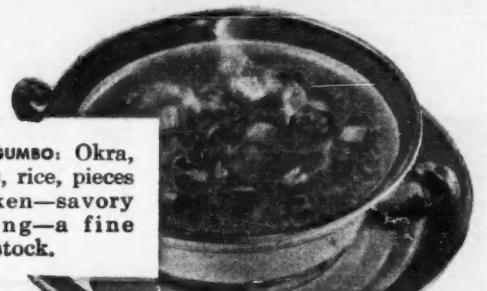
And when she drops her ballot into the mailbox, each Councilor knows she is giving us an answer for thousands of Canadian women like her.

But how can one woman possibly answer for thousands of women?


The principle is that used by modern researchers all over the world—a method which has proved effective over and over. By this method we get to know the thinking of all types of women from those who cook with wood stoves to those who use the latest streamlined electric models; from women who can + Continued on page 55




ASPARAGUS: A purée of fresh asparagus, blended with table butter. Garnished with tender asparagus cuts.




CHICKEN GUMBO: Okra, tomatoes, rice, pieces of chicken—savory seasoning—a fine chicken stock.



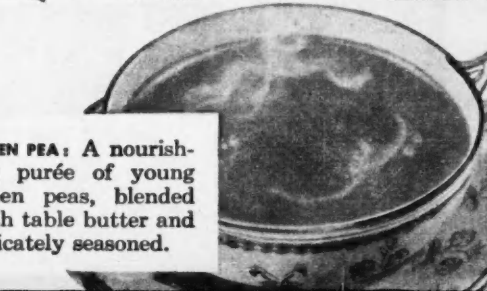
OX TAIL: Hearty English-style soup made of good beef stock, meaty ox tail joints, barley and vegetables.



BEAN WITH BACON: Old-fashioned thick bean soup filled with tender beans—made savory with fine bacon.

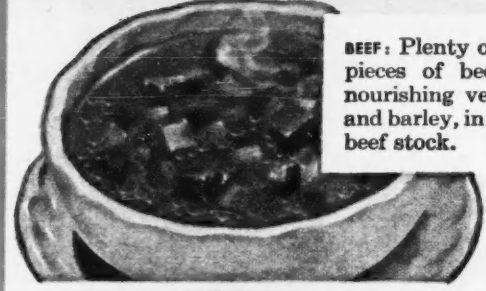


CHICKEN NOODLE: Rich chicken stock, with tender pieces of chicken and old-fashioned hearty egg noodles.



GREEN PEA: A nourishing purée of young green peas, blended with table butter and delicately seasoned.

"21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM"



BEEF: Plenty of tender pieces of beef, with nourishing vegetables and barley, in a hearty beef stock.

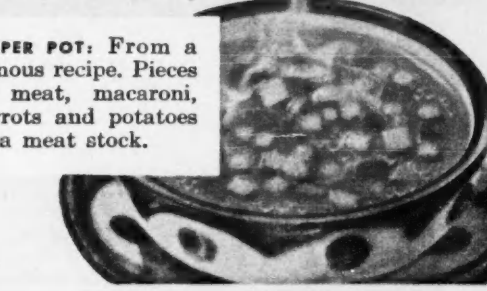
HOW MANY OF THESE FINE SOUPS DO YOU KNOW?

The next time you visit the grocer's, give an "extra look" at the Campbell's Soup Section. Go adventuring among the 21 Kinds. You will find them all delicious, all nourishing. All good value, too—something you'll specially appreciate these days!




Campbell's SOUPS


MADE BY CAMPBELL'S IN CHICAGO




PEPPER POT: From a famous recipe. Pieces of meat, macaroni, carrots and potatoes in a meat stock.



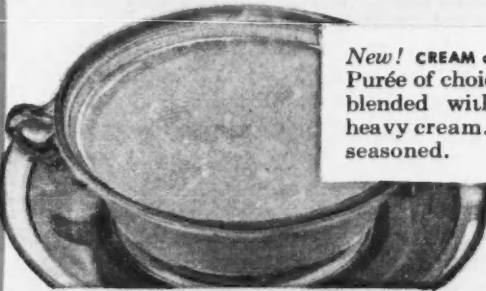
SCOTCH BROTH: A thick, nourishing meat-stock soup—with fine vegetables, barley, and tender pieces of mutton.



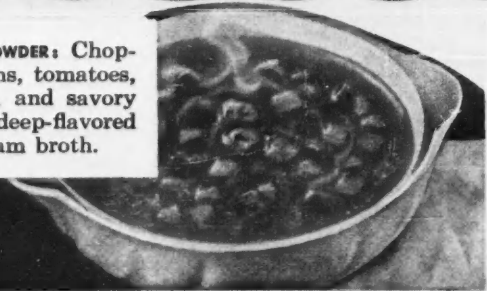
TOMATO: It's Canada's favorite soup. World's finest tomatoes, blended with creamery butter, gentle seasoning.



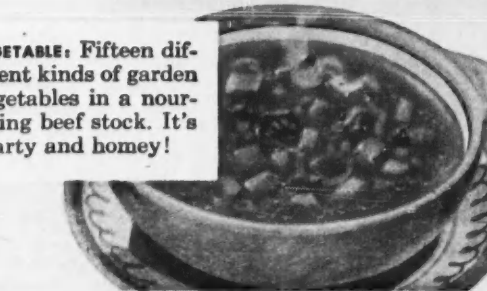
BOUILLON: (Beef Broth) A clear beef broth delightfully flavored with garden vegetables—a grand dinner-beginner.



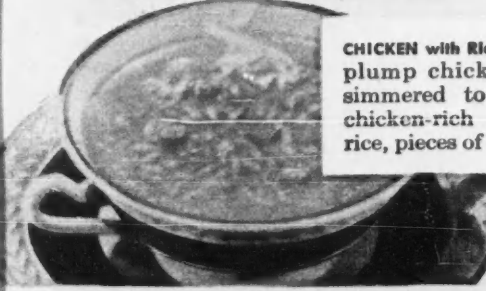
New! CREAM of CELERY: Purée of choice celery blended with extra-heavy cream. Lightly seasoned.



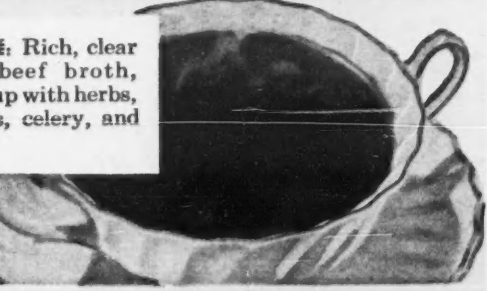
CLAM CHOWDER: Chopped clams, tomatoes, potatoes, and savory herbs, in deep-flavored tangy clam broth.



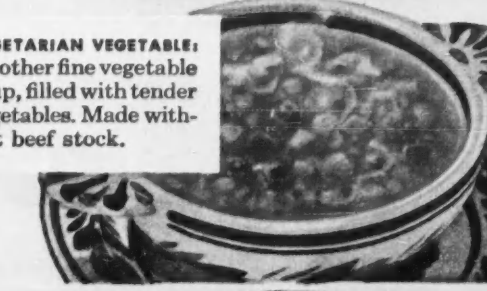
VEGETABLE: Fifteen different kinds of garden vegetables in a nourishing beef stock. It's hearty and homey!



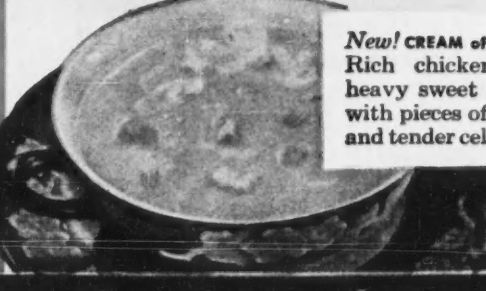
CHICKEN with Rice: Fine, plump chickens are simmered to give a chicken-rich broth—rice, pieces of chicken.



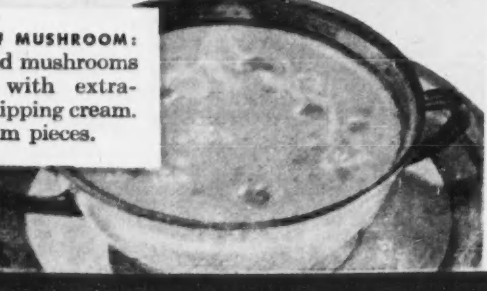
CONSOMMÉ: Rich, clear amber beef broth, pointed up with herbs, tomatoes, celery, and carrots.



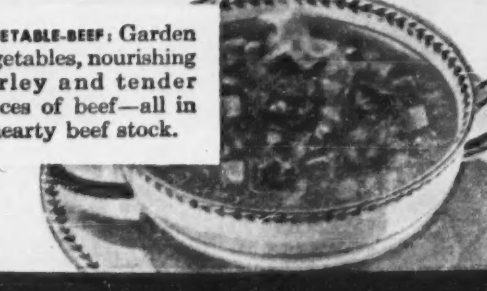
VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE: Another fine vegetable soup, filled with tender vegetables. Made without beef stock.



New! CREAM of CHICKEN: Rich chicken stock, heavy sweet cream—with pieces of chicken and tender celery cuts.

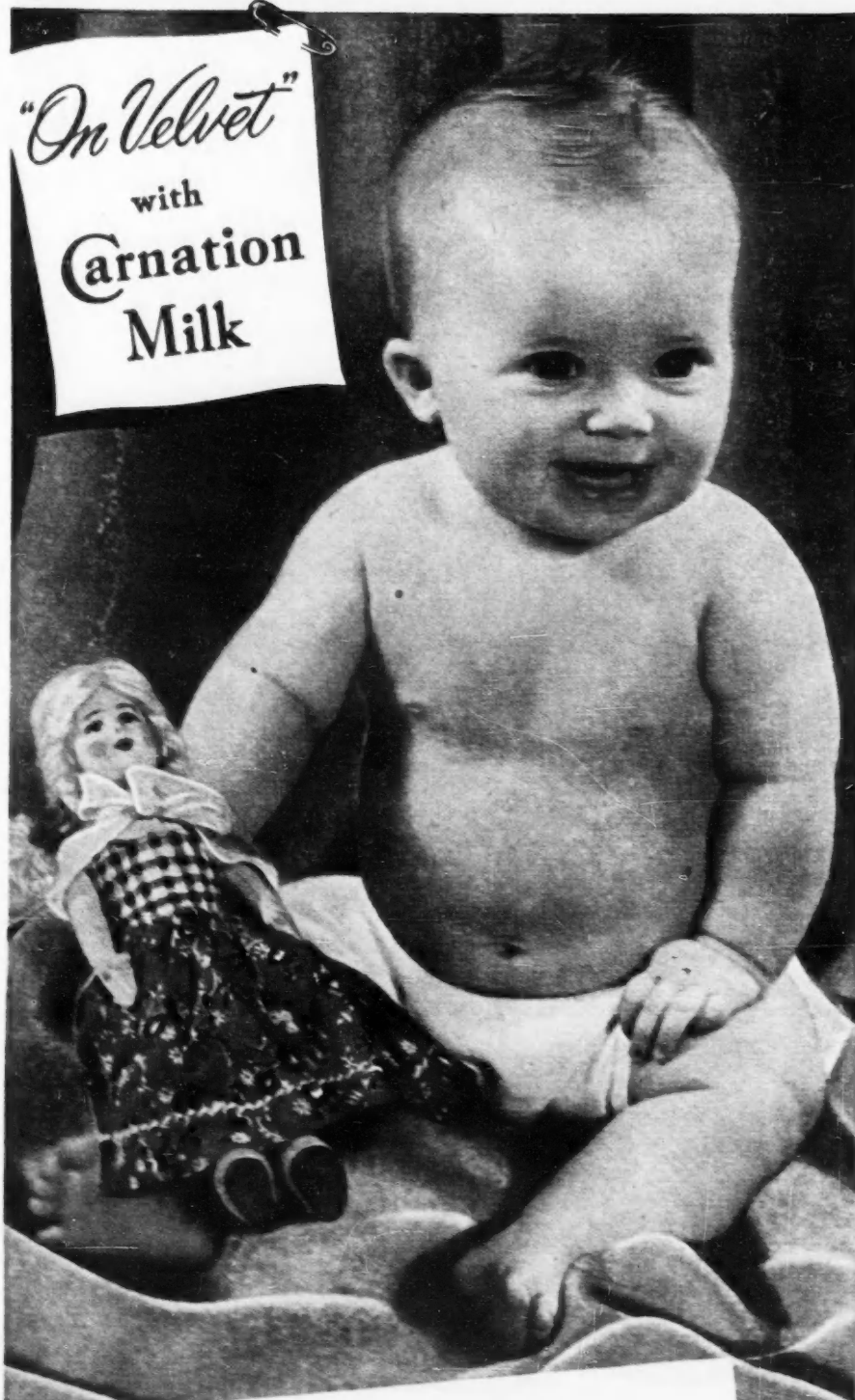


CREAM of MUSHROOM: Cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream. Mushroom pieces.



VEGETABLE-BEEF: Garden vegetables, nourishing barley and tender pieces of beef—all in a hearty beef stock.

"On Velvet"
with
**Carnation
Milk**



Little lady with a future...

Just count the blessings a friendly fortune is waiting to shower upon her! Sturdy body, happy disposition, beautiful teeth, good digestion... all can be hers. And much of the credit will go to the Carnation Milk in her formula.

Doctors prescribe Carnation Milk for babies because it is safe, digestible, and nourishing... with 400 units of vitamin D, to help build strong bones and sound teeth. So many doctors prescribe Carnation! Nation-wide surveys indicate that *no other brand* of evaporated milk is so widely used in infant feeding.

Ask your doctor about a Carnation formula for your baby. The milk every doctor knows... that's Carnation!



WRITE for "Your Contented Baby" — Full of helpful suggestions on baby care. Lots of pictures — menus and recipes. It is free. Write to Dept. C1, Carnation Co. Limited, Toronto or Vancouver.

"From Contented Cows"



The Bride from Holland

Continued from page 8

Giovanni's." It was, of course, difficult. Uncle Angelo came to help. And some of Papa's cousins. But it isn't the same.

Sometimes at night, those empty years, when Mama sits down with her glass of wine, she plans for after the war. In her plans everything is happy again. She, as she talks, hums Pietro's songs as though she didn't really know she is doing it. And always the dream she most embroiders—the one we talk about again and again—is the family dinner on Sunday. That has always been our good event. All the years of our lives.

Mama doesn't write so well, so often when I have time at the cash, I write the boys about these talks. They send back suggestions for what they would like to have. For four years our Sunday dinner menus crisscrossed the Atlantic, Pietro and Flavio putting their own additions to every suggestion.

These I read aloud. And Mama sits there under the lamp, the tasseled shade throwing striped shadows on her, and chuckles as she plans. Oh, those menus! You cannot imagine! My mouth waters just to hear her.

So then, Pietro doesn't come home. But Flavio does and following him later Trix. And the first Sunday we are all together Mama has Uncle Angelo, and all the cousins and all the friends in and I tell you, we cook since dawn. It's a meal such as we don't have since Papa died and the boys went away. It is a feast.

You must also know that this is a long leisurely meal, this family dinner. It is the time to eat

and to drink and to talk. It is the one time in the week we are all together, there are no customers to wait on. Nobody hurries.

And what happens? Trix, after one helping—just one—says "no more."

She is a little one, this Trix. Small, thin, with much straight yellow hair and big, big grey eyes. She is quiet too. Not like us, gay, you know. She sits and she takes no more room than a mouse and she makes no more sound. Even her voice is a soft little voice. But when Flavio looks at her it is almost as though he saw all the great world, almost as though she was a giant and filled his eyes.

Ravioli, that is only the first course after the antipasto. It is, as of course you know, ravioli en brodo di pollo—dough squares filled with rich meat, in thick chicken broth. After that Mama has, as always, sogliole alla marinara, which is fried pickled sole. And then the fritto misto.

What is that?

You have never had fritto misto?

Now let me see, next Sunday—yes, next Sunday, will you come and have some with the family? We will all be

there, but there is plenty of room for you. Your friend? Of course you may bring along your friend. Everyone does. Sunday family dinner is for family and friends.

Certainly I will tell you of fritto misto. It is bits of meat, vegetables, fish, calf's liver or brain, lamb's kidney, cooked artichoke hearts, anything you may have in your icebox, cooked in a rich batter and it is not the main course. That is roast pigeons with insalata verde and rice. After which, naturally, there is zabaglione, castagne mandole verde, formaggio, caffè nero and vino. So you see how strange it is for Trix to say at a stage no further than ravioli "no more."

Can you understand? Can you see it? The long table, the relatives, the good food, and Mama—happy about this meal she has dreamed about so long. Trying not to think of Pietro.

And not only does Trix say no. She gets up. She picks up her plate, and Flavio's plate, and starts out for the kitchen. She looks prepared to clear up everything. Mama is first red in the face, then white. Flavio puts a hand on Trix's arm and whispers. I hear him.

"Sit down. Mama likes to do everything herself."

Trix blushes, but she whispers back, "Surely not for all these people. I'll go and help." She does not know it's Mama's pride to manage alone.

"Sit down," Flavio says, and attends to his ravioli.

Trix gives him a sharp, strange look. And sits down.

As the other courses are brought in, her eyes grow very big and strained but she does not eat any more. Not a thing.

Well, that is the beginning of it.

Mama doesn't leave it at that. She

talks herself into anger. She says, "So Flavio, our Italian food is not right for your wife. So, it does not please her. It is not good enough for her, Flavio."

"Look now, Mama," Flavio says, "it isn't that at all. You just don't understand. Trix isn't used to our dishes. Also, for a long time she hasn't had too much to eat. They're in a pretty bad way in Holland, there. That's all, Mama."

"So it is I who does not understand. Is that it?" Mama says.

Well, Flavio talks to Trix also. About how it is that Mama thinks refusing second helpings is a big insult. Like not answering when you are spoken to. How it is a custom to have this long dinner and much talk on Sunday.

I am there when he tells her. I don't think that is a very good idea. If he had put his arm around her and told her softly, in her ear, perhaps it would have been different.

Trix stands up very straight, and even then she is not tall. And she says in a voice friendly enough and yet cool, "It is a little difficult to understand. Back home we have not had pleasure from meals for so long. And also, these

Perhaps —

By D. M. REID.



Her needle flashes, and the following thread

Weaves in a pattern intricate and neat,

And while she works her lips are curved in smile,

As though her task were sweet.

We love to watch her thus, she looks so tranquil

As if not bored, but happy in her work.

Around those eyes, about that tender mouth,

No discontent may lurk.

Perhaps her thoughts are weaving tapestries

While hands are darning heels and patching knees.

Italian dishes, they are quite spiced, aren't they?"

THE SECOND thing happens when already the candles of the chestnut trees are dropping and all the neighbors come to sit outside, on the street, on their kitchen chairs.

As you see "Giovanni's" is here at the corner, but the houses on both side of it belong to us too. On Chestnut Street side Uncle Angelo and his family live, with two of the waiters on the top floor. Here on South Street we live. It is really a very funny line of doorways opening on the street—you have considered it?—since the houses are built to join one another. Behind our wall is Mr. Rubitskoy and next to him, his junk yard. He is a very pleasant man.

Well, this day Trix is standing outside our private doorway. The dust rises as the kids run, playing ball, on the street. There is mustiness in the heavy air, and hot sharp odors float from the kitchen. Just as I come up behind Trix the kids scatter and a bus sweeps down the street, the exhaust roaring.

Trix gives a little moan and begins to cough. At that Flavio pushes aside the rope curtain of the restaurant door and comes out on the street too and looks anxiously at her.

"Oh," Trix says, "I cannot stand this." She turns to me with a quick little movement and she says, "Our house was just outside the city, by the canal. There were tall willows and cool shade. And behind the house there was a sloping field and flowers, bright in the sun. Oh, if only I had a small house with the sun coming in."

Flavio walks down to us and now he puts his hand under Trix's chin and lifts her head. Very gravely he says, "Would you be happy then?"

"Flavio," her voice shakes, "could we really move out to a street where there'd be grass? And air? And not just two dusty chestnut trees?"

Flavio nods slowly. "Of course," he says, "I'd just never thought of it. We've always lived here. We were happy too. Why, if we'd wanted to we could have moved long ago."

Mama doesn't say anything, when they tell her. By that time Flavio has the house picked out. We'd been successful in business for a long time, like I tell you, and it is a nice house. Uptown, on a green street, with white shutters and a garden at the back.

The Sunday after they've gone I feel terrible. I try not to go to the window to look for them. But I can't help it.

Mama looks at me. There are lines on her face I don't remember. She says, "Stop that looking. They'll not come. Help me with cooking now."

Right then the phone rings. It's Flavio. He says, "Look, Carmelita, we haven't got organized around here. I don't think we'll get down today. Tell Mama, will you." His words hurry.

When I turn around I see Mama standing very still watching me, her hands under her apron, and her eyes big and black. She doesn't say anything. She just nods her head slowly, and then she walks into the kitchen and for the first time I find myself thinking—Mama's getting on. She's not as young as she used to be. Her steps are slowing up.

They didn't come down the next Sunday either. Of course Flavio is at the restaurant every day, but it isn't the

same. And he hurries up to dinner with Trix. Only sometimes does he come back in the evenings.

Then, on Saturday, Trix calls Mama. I know it's Trix from Mama's face, from the short way she talks.

She hangs up the receiver and curtsies to me. "Aha," she says, "an invite. Gold engraving card. We go to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Flavio Gioncavello tomorrow. I accept." She does not smile and her little act makes me want to weep.

THEY'VE DONE plenty to the little house. All the walls are light colors. The curtains are yellow. Funny thick-woven cloth, not lace, like ours. There are pots of red begonias on the windows. On the walls are lovely blue china plates. I ask—they are Trix's, Delft, she says. She brought them from Holland but never took them out of her trunk at our house.

Always, even on sunny days it's a little dark on our street. The restaurant has the best place, the most light. Here, sun pours in. In the garden there are flowers.

"Trix is marvelous with anything green," Flavio says. "She could make a rock blossom." He looks at Mama and clamps his mouth shut.

Trix brings out the soup. She smiles at Mama. "I made all Dutch dishes," she says shyly, "to show you."

It's thick, thick soup. She also brings out a hot platter with pieces of fish on it.

She looks happy. "It's Aal Soep," she says, "eel soup. Look, Mama, I sauté leeks and onions, add boiling water and the eel pieces. I also cook lettuce and spinach in butter, add stock, and bread crumbs. Then I take out the eels and bone them, pour all stock on vegetables, add egg yolks. That's all."

Mama nods. She takes half a plateful. She takes one small piece of eel. I taste too. It's good, rich, but not much taste. Weak, sort of.

Trix looks a little anxious.

Mama has a few spoonfuls, sits back.

Trix reaches for the soup tureen.

Mama says, "No. For me, no more at all. Thank you."

Trix's face looks peaked, like a small girl's trying not to cry. She talks suddenly, fast. "I have too Boerenkool met Rookworst. It's kale and sausages. In Holland we have it often. Except during the war. And Sneeuwballen which are fried cake balls. They're good, I hope, Mama."

"Certament," Mama says "But for me, no more at all. Thank you."

It is a very quiet meal. Flavio attends to his eating. I try to eat too but I find the food very thick, heavy. Also, there is no taste. No pepper. It is flat, I am afraid. Once I say to Trix, "Very good," but Mama shoots at me a look and Trix looks as though she would cry. So I say nor more at all.

Well, after that, we see Trix seldom. Only occasionally she stops to eat and then on weekdays. She learns to drive the car Flavio buys and sometimes she drives down to pick him up.

At first Mama says to Flavio when he stays down to dinner, "Of course, this is only Italian, not Dutch," or, "Perhaps this won't suit your taste," but after Flavio leaves at the middle of the meal, couple of times, saying nothing at all, she stops it.

And now a strange thing happens to the Giovanni's. All the happiness seeps out. Flavio does not sing as he carves,

Ask them

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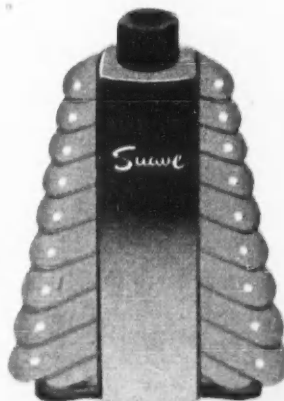
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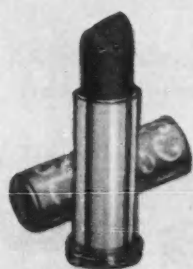
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Mama does not shout and worry and scream at the waiters. They feel the difference. They walk around scared of the silence a little while, then they grow careless. The customers complain. Even Carmencita, the canary, stays in her cage. I feel like weeping. You remember how it is. You ask me yourself about it. That's why I tell you.

It does not, of course, happen all at once. Little by little it grows until there is a feeling like a black cloud, always above. I suppose it is to do with people loving one another and being proud and not knowing how to give ground. Sometimes, as I sit at the cash, and business is slow, I think of Trix. But I cannot really find in my heart to blame her. She is far from home and strange to our ways.

SO DAYS slip by and again it is the time for the two chestnut trees at our corner to lift up their white candles.

Days are clear and warmer now. Again the children play on the street.

It is on one such Sunday, and I am happy I have just washed the curtains too, that there is a knock at our door. Mama goes to open it and I see her stiffen. It is Trix.

Farther up the street I see Flavio, parking the car.

"Buon giorno, madre mia," Trix says softly. "May we stay to dinner, please?"

Mama stands back from the door and says, "Sure, sure. Come in." You can't tell anything from her voice. I kiss Trix and wave and shout to Flavio.

Then I wait for him, and lift my eyebrow, like this. He grins and shrugs. "She wanted to come," he whispers.

As good luck would have it we have a marvelous meal. That is, I think of it as luck first, and then I begin to worry. It would be better, I think, if we had less courses. Less things to say "no" to.

Mama watches Trix sharply as she begins on the antipasto. She also does well by the minestrone. Yet it is not until she has emptied her big dish of spaghetti that she looks up at Mama.

"This is good, madre mia," she says. "Please, could I have just a little more?"

Mama puts both her hands on the table and leans forward, her black eyes piercing. Trix sits quietly under her look, her grey eyes tranquil. Slowly both of them begin to smile and Trix holds out her plate. Mama scoops a big spoonful of spaghetti on it and says, "You better save room in your stomach. There is still my chicken alla cacciatora, to come."

"I'll have room," Trix says happily, and she ladles a good spoonful of hot mushroom sauce and sprinkles cheese generously on her spaghetti. I seek Flavio's eyes, but he is attending to his eating, his cheeks flushed.

It is a meal, I tell you. I give up after a while, even I, and I am fat as you see. So, too, Flavio whose appetite seems upset by the events. Even Uncle Angelo is finally through. But Trix and Mama work right through the chestnuts-in-cream, green almonds, and cheese.

Finally Trix pushes herself a little away from the table. It is obvious to

anyone she has enjoyed this. No one could eat so much and so gustily by forcing herself. It is impossible.

Mama's eyes are sparkling and shining. It is as though she has seen the miracle. She speaks to Trix, ignoring us. "And now, a little vino, perhaps?"

Trix grins her shy grin delightedly. "Good," she says, "just the thing."

TO MY SURPRISE Mama goes and gets her own bottle, the good one. She pours a glass for herself and another for Trix. Then she looks at me.

"Carmelita, don't just sit there, gaping," she says. "Get wine. Get wine for everybody."

She keeps a firm hold on her own good bottle. "Here there's only enough for Beatrissa and me," she says.

It is a happy day.

The restaurant is closed for the public and again there is singing at the Giovanni's. Even Carmencita the canary rattles the door of her cage and sings to get out. Uncle Angelo goes around the corner for his violin. We talk a long time, and sing and drink vino and talk some more. It is good.

And finally it is evening and we walk out under the two chestnut trees and sit on the old yellow seats.

Trix and I sit together on the little bench and Flavio comes over and kisses Trix. It is a nice loving kiss.

Then he laughs and squeezes on the bench too, though there is no room for him. He keeps himself on by putting his arm around Trix's shoulder.

"I can't understand you women," he says. "I'll never understand you at all. Now why couldn't you do that before?"

I think he is foolish. Everything is all right now. He should let it be.

But Trix looks at him in a funny soft way, keeping her head down. It is almost like a Hollywood look, from under the eyelashes, but it isn't quite. It is so warm.

"You silly," she says in a whisper. "I didn't like the food before much." And then she speaks even more quietly. "Don't tell Mama just yet. We'll get to be good friends first. But I don't suppose it's me who wanted an Italian meal today. I guess it was little Flavio."

Flavio nearly falls off. He jumps up. He looks down. "Trix!" he shouts.

She nods, smiling at him. I feel tears in my eyes. "We've—we've been so apart," she says. "I didn't know how to tell you."

That night Mama says sharply to me that it takes time for foreigners to adjust themselves. It's lonely coming to a strange country. She fixes her look on me. "Trix is very small," she says, "we must fatten her up." I want to, but I don't tell her right then. For she says softly—"now is peace."

So you see, that is how you find it at old Giovanni's again. Happiness has come back. And you'll come next Sunday? We'll have a good meal and good talk and some singing. And you will see the little one too. It is not a small Flavio after all. She is Angelita. Named after Mama. +

INDECENCY IN MOVIES depends on where you live

What is it that makes a picture fit for children in one country, but banned for adults in another? Don't miss this entertaining behind-the-scenes article

in February Chatelaine

Equal Parts of Love

Continued from page 5

for the manner in which Mrs. Hitchcock had said, "It's lovely, but do you think it's quite—suitable? The party is to be very informal." She had looked from Stephanie to David and back again in such a way as to suggest that there might be other things about the girl that she found not quite suitable.

Mentally Stephanie shook herself. She was being silly. Naturally Mrs. Hitchcock would be interested—even curious about the girl her only son planned to marry.

Stephanie herself had unashamedly cross-examined David during the trip to Mapleville about his mother, the town, his friends there. Amiably, as the fast train streaked across the country, he enlightened her. "Mother's a honey," he said. "She's a bit old-fashioned maybe. Rather reserved too, but she's swell. You'll be crazy about each other."

Stephanie nodded. From his meagre description she constructed a picture of Mrs. Hitchcock, filling in some details for herself. Small—to David's shoulder he said—grey haired, tremendously proud of her son, of course, and probably a little shy with Stephanie at first. That was to be expected. It wouldn't be easy for her, meeting her son's girl for the first time, especially when that girl happened to be a lawyer like Dave himself. Well, not exactly like Dave. Actually his junior clerk, but still a lawyer. That put people off sometimes. Before they met Stephanie, at least, they expected her to be rather severe and dignified. She laughed and Dave lazily ruffled her short curls with his hand. "What's funny, Stevie? Do I make mother sound like a comic-book character?"

"Of course not!" she said indignantly. "Now tell me about Mapleville."

He told her. It wasn't much, he said. A quiet sleepy little place. Nice people though. After Stephanie recovered partially from the blast of furnacelike air that met her as she stepped from the train she viewed the yellow brick town hall in the centre of the square and the surrounding two-story buildings with a feeling of familiarity.

David stripped off his coat and slung it over his shoulder. He rocked back on his heels surveying the deserted street. "Home, all right," he grinned. "Proper July weather too. Hey, there's mom."

Mrs. Hitchcock strode toward them over the dusty grass of the station. She was small. That much Stephanie had right. Her hair was grey, iron-grey, neatly shingled. Her clothes were on the old-fashioned side, possessing a kind of elegant, self-assured dowdiness. She lifted her cheek for Dave's kiss, greeted Stephanie and directed the storing of the bags in the rear compartment of the coupe. "I'm afraid we'll be a little crowded," she said, "but the sedan has a flat and I didn't think there was any sense in calling the garage when David was coming."

He laughed. "Mother always believes in having some work around for me."

"Keeps him out of mischief," Mrs. Hitchcock affirmed. They smiled at each other and Stephanie saw how much alike they were and how close to each other. At once it seemed urgent for Dave's mother to accept her, more than that—to like her.

Dave had said, "Our house is an old rambling affair." Stephanie had been prepared for weathered clapboards and perhaps a sagging shutter or two. On a street of solid opulent houses it was the most solid, the most opulent. It dominated the hill and the approach ran between age-old elms.

They had a hasty lunch in the kitchen. Explaining, not apologizing, Mrs. Hitchcock said, "We'll have to make this a short affair. I'm giving a shower for one of the town girls who's getting married, Ruth Conway. You remember, David."

"Sure." He looked around the kitchen. "Where's Nettie?"

"Home for a week. Her sister's having a baby."

Dave finished the last piece of cake and stretched with his arms over his head. "I think I'll take a nice cool shower and get some sleep. Stevie and I were up half the night getting out a brief."

Mrs. Hitchcock nodded and turned to Stephanie. "You'd best get dressed for the party."

I'd like a nice cool shower and some sleep too, Stephanie said to herself and meekly followed Mrs. Hitchcock to the room that had been prepared for her.

IN HER WILTED black suit that was, as Dave's mother had suggested, "not suitable," Stephanie now sat on the veranda and hesitated over the selection of a recipe for Ruth. There was that beef à la mode or Dave's favorite Dutch apple pie. Dave didn't like eating in restaurants so she did a good deal of cooking in her little apartment back in town. She had learned to do wonders with the tiny oven, the pressure cooker and the electric grill. "You're practically as good a cook as my mother," Dave would tell her with sincere appreciation, and that was payment enough for the hours of planning and shopping and preparation.

Stephanie played with the file card, turning it over in her fingers. It might be fun to write something different, something original. For instance she might write, "A Recipe for a Happy Marriage." That would be easy. She knew already how wonderful marriage to Dave was going to be. She could start out, "Take equal parts of love and—"

"Why you haven't written a thing yet!" The booming of Mrs. Hitchcock's voice above Stephanie's head made her jump. Simultaneously the older woman took the card from her hand.

The girls stopped their scribbling, their smooth heads lifted and their perspiring faces turned to Stephanie. "Well, you could hardly be expected to, Stephanie," Mrs. Hitchcock said brightly to the others, "is a career girl." She patted Stephanie's shoulder. "You needn't bother about it, dear."

Stephanie fairly snatched the card. "I'll jot down something," she said with forced gaiety. "Boiled eggs or cinnamon toast." With swift strokes of the pencil she titled the card and wrote furiously until Mrs. Hitchcock came around collecting them.

"Hungarian goulash," Mrs. Hitchcock deciphered Stephanie's lightning scrawl. She read on down the card. "Caraway seed, bay leaves, sweet marjoram," she murmured, "real Hungarian paprika, herb-flavored vinegar. You might have trouble finding those last two in Mapleville, Ruth." She

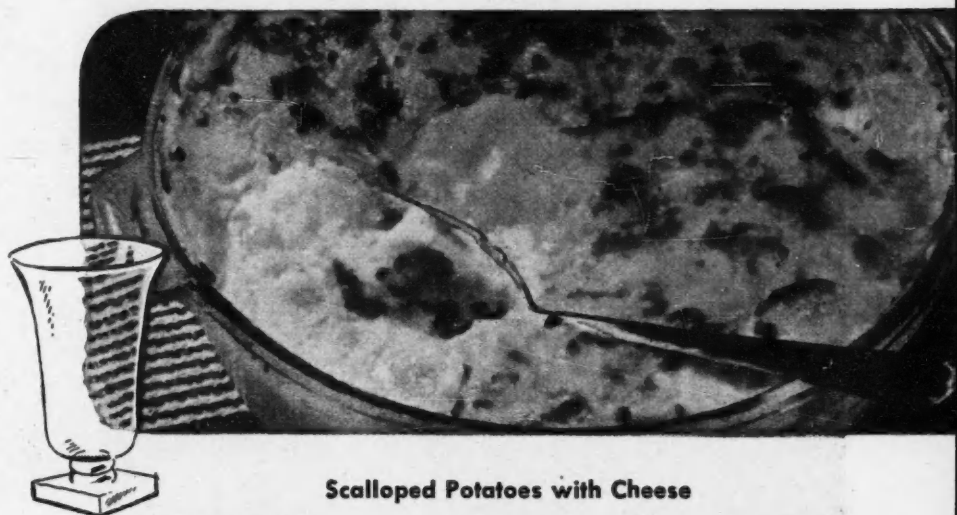
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PLAIN or Fancy

2 ways to serve potatoes and cheese

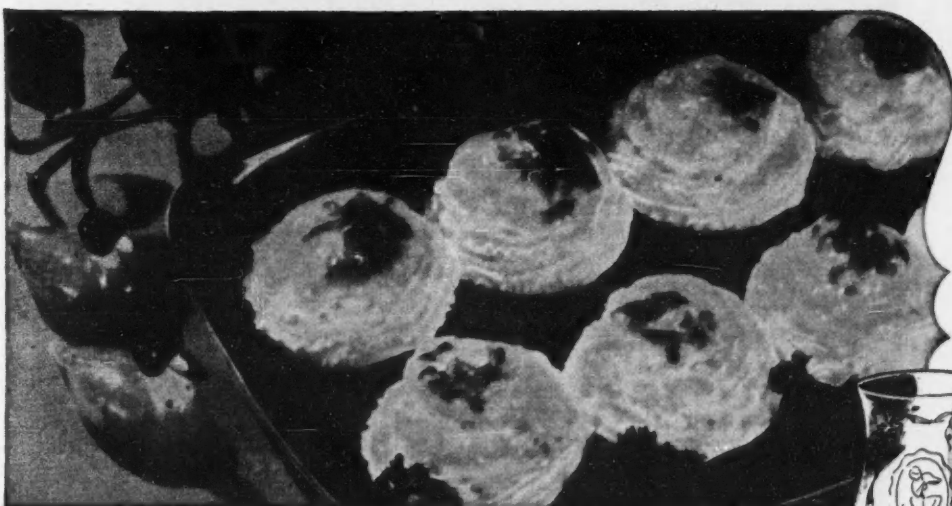


Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt

2 cups milk
4 cups (8 medium sized) raw sliced potatoes
6 ounces (1 cup) grated Ingersoll Rideau Cheese

Melt butter; add flour and salt; stir until well blended. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Alternate layers of sliced potatoes, white sauce and Rideau in a 1½-quart casserole. Bake in a moderate oven at 375° F. for 1 hour. Makes 6 servings.

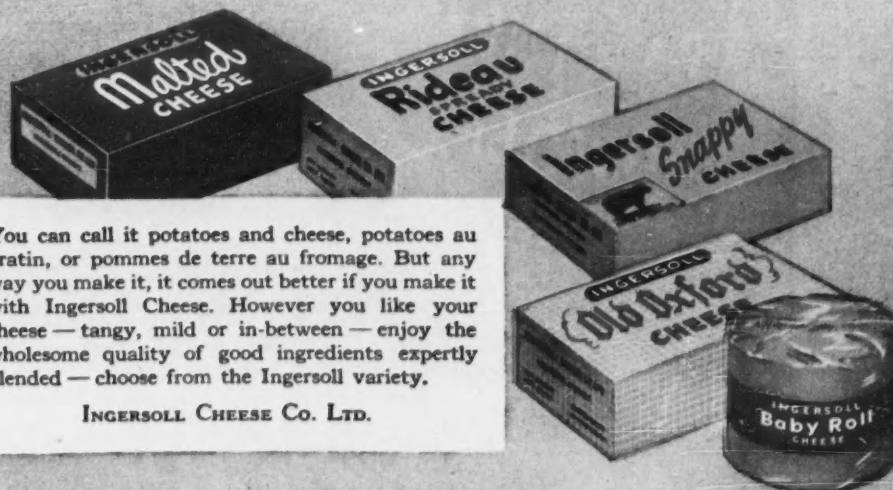


Potato Cheese Rosettes

1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons milk

1 egg
4 cups mashed potatoes
2½ ounces (1/3 cup) finely grated Ingersoll Old Oxford Cheese

Add salt, butter, milk and egg to mashed potatoes. Beat well. Force through pastry tube onto a well-greased baking sheet to form individual rosettes. Sprinkle each rosette with grated Ingersoll Old Oxford. Bake in a hot oven at 450° F. for 20 minutes, or until brown. Makes six servings.



You can call it potatoes and cheese, potatoes au gratin, or pommes de terre au fromage. But any way you make it, it comes out better if you make it with Ingersoll Cheese. However you like your cheese—tangy, mild or in-between—enjoy the wholesome quality of good ingredients expertly blended—choose from the Ingersoll variety.

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MAGIC CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	2 eggs
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	Chocolate Frosting
1 cup sugar	10-12 halved maraschino cherries
	10-12 almond nut meats

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar; mix well. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add milk and flour alternately to creamed mixture. Add vanilla extract. Bake in greased cup cake pans in 375°F oven, 20 minutes. Cool, top cakes with frosting. Garnish with cherries and nut meats. Makes 10-12.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

1 unbeaten egg white	3 tablespoons cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flavoring
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder	$1\frac{1}{2}$ squares unsweetened chocolate

Place all ingredients except unsweetened chocolate, flavoring and baking powder in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for 5 minutes, add melted unsweetened chocolate and beat for 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add flavoring and baking powder, beat again, and spread on cake.

finished, "One fourth cup of cabernet?" She made it a question.

"Wine," Stephanie said and bit her lip. Dave's mother would possibly picture her as roaring drunk every night of the week.

Mrs. Hitchcock brought out the refreshments. It was too hot to enjoy eating sandwiches or cake. Unfortunately the ice cream had melted. They drank pitcher after pitcher of ice water. Ruth told a few details of her wedding plans with which everyone was apparently quite familiar.

It became even hotter as the afternoon wore on. Stephanie noted with some small satisfaction that the lawn and pique dresses of the other girls looked as limp as her own. She believed that she could see heat waves shimmering over the lawn. In spite of Mrs. Hitchcock's efforts to keep the conversation gay a general flatness settled over the party and with murmured excuses the girls drifted away until Mrs. Hitchcock and Stephanie were left alone.

Stephanie looked across at the older woman. Her face was flushed with the heat, dark streaks of perspiration stained her dress. She had abandoned all pretense of gaiety. It was impossible not to feel sorry for her. The party had been a failure and it must have taken a lot of work. Hours to make all those fancy little sandwiches and in that oven of a kitchen.

Stephanie thought of the room to which she had been taken, beautifully cleaned, the linens so fresh and sweet smelling. That had been done by Dave's mother too. Stephanie experienced a feeling close to panic. She had wanted so much for Dave's mother to like her. She had counted on it and from the first everything had seemed to go wrong. She knew how important, how lasting first impressions were. Now she feared that her own irritable weariness associated with the blighted party and the hideous weather would combine to make a most unfavorable one. If only there was something she could do or say to get them started right again.

THE SCREEN DOOR banged and Dave trotted out onto the porch. He wore white duck trousers and an unbuttoned sport shirt. "Here's my girls. How was the party?" He took the plate of sandwiches and seated himself astride the railing. "Say, I had a wonderful sleep. I got that fan out of the closet and turned it on." He bit into a sandwich. "Good," he approved. "Sort of like the ones you make, Stevie. More cheese in them though." He turned to his mother. "What are we having to eat tonight?"

Mrs. Hitchcock wiped her handkerchief across her forehead. "There's no hurry about it," Dave said good-naturedly as she started to reply. "These'll hold me for a while and I had that jelly stuff in the refrigerator."

"My tomato aspic ring for dinner!" A little moan accompanied her words.

"I didn't eat it all," Dave assured her. "Say, I saw that chicken in the refrigerator. I bet I know what you're planning to do with that. Smother it with rice and mushrooms, the way I'm so crazy about. Just wait until you taste it, Stevie."

Mrs. Hitchcock said weakly, "It takes the best part of two hours to prepare."

"That's all right. I'm in no hurry. And Stevie'd like to help. Wouldn't

you?" Dave snapped his fingers. "I've a better idea. You whip up one of those Dutch apple pies, honey. We'll show mom what kind of a cook I'm getting."

He walked the length of the porch, flexing his muscles. "Take your time, girls. I'm going down to the lake for a swim. I'll be back—oh, let's say—6.30."

Stephanie stared at him, at his spotless uncreased pants, the canvas sandals on his bare feet, his blond hair still sparkling with water from the shower. She moved gingerly in her sodden clothes. If she attempted to rise the chair would come with her, she knew. "David Hitchcock," she said loudly, distinctly, "you make me sick!"

The statement produced an interesting effect. Dave's mouth opened and he stood poised on the bottom step. Mrs. Hitchcock tightened her lips. "He's exactly like his father," she said. She leaned forward and put her hand on Stephanie's knee. "Do you know the very first thing George Hitchcock said to me when I came home from the hospital after David was born? He said, 'Emily, I want you to get busy right away and mix up a batch of bread. I've been eating that bakery stuff for a week now and it's ruining my stomach.'"

Dave approached the two women hesitantly as if they might be dangerous. "Hey, what's the matter? What's got into you two?"

Mrs. Hitchcock rocked her chair. Abruptly her manner changed. "Do you know what I think would be nice? To drive out to the Venetian Gardens for dinner. What do you think, Stephanie?"

Stephanie nodded. "A lovely idea. Why don't we, Dave?"

"But it's 20 miles—40 there and back."

Mrs. Hitchcock smiled pleasantly in agreement. "A ride like that should certainly cool us off."

"We could do it all right," Dave said slowly, "but I thought a nice little dinner here—some good home-cooked food—just the three of us—"

"Of course we'll want the big car," Mrs. Hitchcock continued. "We couldn't possibly crowd into the coupe for a drive like that."

"But you said the tire was flat." "The spare's down too," she murmured.

"It'll take me half an hour to fix a tire," Dave protested. "And in this heat—why, I'd have to take another shower."

"We don't mind the delay, do we, Stephanie? We can have a nice chat here on the porch and then take our time about dressing."

Muttering to himself, Dave departed for the garage. Mrs. Hitchcock watched him go. The smile of vast satisfaction that settled over her face was duplicated on Stephanie's.

For a moment the two women rocked in silence. "What kind of paprika do you put in that goulash?" Mrs. Hitchcock enquired.

"Hungarian," Stephanie said. "I get it and the herb-flavored vinegar at a little store near my place. I'll send you some if you like."

"How very nice of you, dear."

From the direction of the garage came the clatter of tire irons and muffled exclamations. The women smiled at each other, knowing, serene, united. "David has been a good son," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "With a little training I believe he'll make a good husband." ♦

Just An Ordinary Guy

Continued from page 7

He sighed. "I guess your mama didn't like you very well."

"She adored me, but you see"—she blinked as a raindrop splashed on her nose—"mother was uptown shopping when I—well, anyway, I was named for the policeman who was rushing her to the hospital in a police car. They didn't make it, and mother felt that the least she could do to make up for his embarrassment was to name me after him."

Coby looked down at her. O'Brien! But it fit her somehow. Different—and pert. She wasn't as lovely as Serita. Serita was all cream and gold, with the face of an innocent angel, and there was certainly nothing angelic about this girl. You couldn't even call her pretty, but her expressive face had a pixie quality that was eye-catching just the same. She was cute—cute as a kitten.

She slowed and he realized that they had reached the hospital corner. He looked up at the big red building. "It's Monday—roast beef, soggy mashed potatoes and string beans."

"How do you know things haven't changed?"

"Patients may come and patients may go, but that menu goes on forever." He held out his hand. "This is good-by, I suppose. You were a faithful customer and I really do appreciate it."

"You don't have to sound so final, do you?" There was a quizzical look on her face. "We might meet again."

"I hope so—socially. Professionally"—he glanced at the hospital again and shuddered—"lord forbid!" At the curb he turned to wave and she was standing where he'd left her. "Good luck," he called, stepping into the street.

"The same to you—" then suddenly the smile left her face. "Mr. McShane—Coby—"

He whirled. A car had rounded the corner and was bearing down on him with screaming brakes as the driver wrenched desperately at the wheel. Coby knew he should jump back out of the way—and he couldn't. He seemed to have no will at all, and could only stand there fascinated, waiting with almost disinterested wonder that this could be happening to him. He heard O'Brien scream, then there was a terrific jolt. A thousand lights exploded around him, then abruptly—they were gone . . .

COBY DIDN'T open his eyes. It wasn't necessary because he knew where he was. The same old familiar smell; the same old rubber sheet—and, he supposed, the same old bandages.

"The same old story, isn't it?" a familiar voice said beside him.

Coby swore, with no particular enthusiasm. His head ached. "What are you doing here?"

"I told you I was on the surgical floor. And the question is—what are you doing here? Or don't you care?"

He opened his eyes. "Okay. What was it this time?"

O'Brien seemed more cheerful than the occasion demanded. "You have a lovely little concussion, Mr. McShane. Congratulations!"

He groaned. "Is it—I mean, it's a normal one, isn't it?"

"Absolutely. You needn't worry. In a week or so you can take it home."

Coby started to turn over—and gasped. There seemed to be a barbed wire fence somewhere below his Adam's apple and his right elbow felt as if someone had taken a bite out of it. "Jumpin' Jupiter! I must have had a hard time."

"Oh, they all say that. But you managed very well, and barring complications, you'll be as good as new before long."

"Managed?" Coby pounced on the word, outraged. "You sound as if I'd done this on purpose."

"That," she said coolly, "is something we'll go into when you're strong enough to take it. Right now—" she broke off as a tap sounded on the door.

It opened and a girl peeked in; a girl in a blue dress and a short mink jacket. There was a blob of pink veiling and blue ribbon coasting from her blond hair, coming to rest over one blue tear-stained eye. Coby, regardless of the barbed wire, took a deep breath. Serita . . .

"Darling!" She flew to the bed and he caught the fragrance of perfume as she kissed him. He tried to put his arms around her—and winced. She laid her smooth cheek against his. "No, no, honeykins—you just lie still. Oh, Coby—" her voice broke, "you might have been killed!" She straightened. "Here's Papa, too."

Coby looked up into the scrubbed pink face of Pop Baldwin. Pop was so big he'd always made Coby feel like a five-foot-eleven-and-a-half-inch pygmy when he was standing up, but flat on his back, he felt practically nil. Not only that, it was embarrassing to be caught in this position—again.

Pop put a hand on his shoulder. "Well, well, my boy—have another accident?"

"No, thanks," Coby answered wearily. "I just had one."

Pop backed away. "Maybe we shouldn't stay," he whispered to Serita.

O'Brien coughed and Serita turned. "Oh." She smiled uncertainly. "I hope—that is, we tried to get a special nurse, but there's none to be had. I can't imagine what's happened to them all."

"Matrimony, mostly," O'Brien said, and Coby froze as Serita's eyes filled with tears. The wedding! He'd gone and done it again. He closed his eyes and lay very still, hoping they'd think he was unconscious.

The mink tickled his nose as Serita whispered in his ear. "We're going now, Sweetums, but we'll be back tomorrow—"

He was alone, listening to their footsteps going down the hall. He could still smell Serita's perfume. Poor kid—she'd not said one word of reproach, yet he knew how she must feel. But she'd always been that way—gentle and sweet . . .

Darn! What was the matter with him, anyway? Other people managed to get married—why couldn't he? At this rate, it would be time for his golden wedding before he even had the first one.

THE DOOR opened and O'Brien came in, a cotton-wrapped hypodermic in her hand. Coby looked at it in alarm. "I'm still full of holes from the last time—take that thing away."

She pushed up the sleeve of his hospital nightshirt and swabbed his arm

QUAKER OATS HELPS GROW

"Stars of the Future"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow



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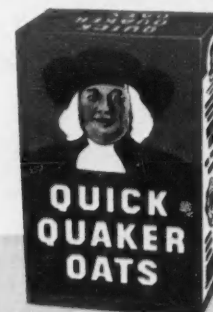
Your youngsters get more growth, more endurance—your grownups get more energy, more stamina from nourishing oatmeal than any other whole-grain cereal! That's why Quaker Oats is recommended for a better breakfast! According to a recent survey, only 1 school child in 5 gets the kind of breakfast he should have. So doctors say, the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! Help your children be a success by serving Quaker Oats!

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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

FLAKY PASTRY SO EASY THIS TENDERFLAKE WAY

Follow These Four Easy Steps
and be an Expert Pastry-Cook



Master Tenderflake Pastry

2 cups sifted flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¾ cup Maple Leaf
Tenderflake lard
4-6 tablespoons ice water

IMPORTANT: Sift flour before measuring. Have ingredients very cold. Measure Maple Leaf Tenderflake with ruler on carton, as shown. Use level measurements. Recipe appears on every carton.

Sift flour and salt together. Using two table knives, cut Tenderflake into flour with a quick, light motion. Do not crush or flatten the particles of Tenderflake. Continue until pieces are the size of peas, with a few larger pieces. If the particles of Tenderflake are too small, the pastry will be difficult to roll out, and when cooked will be very crumbly. Leave some pieces larger than peas, since these increase the flakiness.

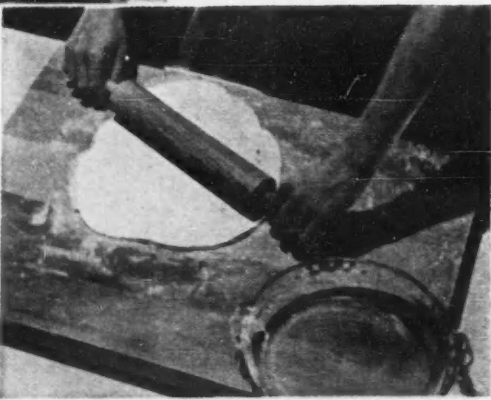


Sprinkle ice water, a few drops at a time, over lard and flour, until the pastry just holds together. Always add the water in a dry place. Work pastry into a ball, wrap tightly, and store in the refrigerator 24 hours.

IMPORTANT: Toss the mixture lightly with a fork. Avoid the addition of excess water.

When ready to use the pastry, sprinkle board and rolling pin lightly with flour. Roll pastry lightly from the centre outwards. Fold edges into centre and roll out again to ⅛" thickness.

IMPORTANT: Handle lightly. Do not overwork the dough. Roll the top and bottom crusts separately.



WRITE ME A LETTER IT MAY WIN \$100.00

...Tell me about your favourite recipe for Pies, Tarts or Turnovers made with Tenderflake!
I will mail \$100.00 cheque to the winner—and to everyone who writes, I will send a voucher good for 1 lb. Maple Leaf Tenderflake Lard FREE. Do write soon—but be sure to see the Brenda York Column in this magazine first.

"Good Things-To-Eat" Reporter



CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

with the cotton. "Be quiet. Doctor Woods said a hypo and a hypo you're going to get."

"Doctor Woods? When was he here?"

"While you were still out like a light. It's after nine now, and I'm going off duty—thank the lord." She pulled the needle out and pressed the cotton firmly against his arm. She pinned the call light to the sheet beside his hand and stood looking down at him. "Mr. McShane—Coby . . . you really don't want that dairy, do you?"

"I do, too!" His protest was quick and emphatic. "Why should I stay cooped up in a stuffy bookshop, working for—peanuts, when I can step into Pop Baldwin's shoes? It's the chance of a lifetime, and don't think I don't know it." He knew how lucky he was. There'd be no more worrying—no more budgeting. "If only—" he began unthinkingly, and stopped, horrified at the admission.

"If only what? Go on—say it," she commanded softly. "No one will hear."

He didn't want to say it. He had never let himself even think it. But there was something in this girl's steady gaze—and he hurt all over and simply could not muster the strength for resistance. He turned his face away. "All right. I'll say it. I don't know the first thing about a dairy, and"—he wet his lips—"I hate cows."

She leaned over and pulled the blankets up over his shoulders, smoothed the pillows and snapped off the bed lamp. "Go to sleep, now. You'll be surprised how much better you'll feel in the morning. Good night . . ."

When he awoke in the morning, he knew that O'Brien Lee was a liar. He certainly did not feel better. The barbed wire was still there—reinforced. His elbow has stiffened and his head felt like a balloon. His back ached and one ankle was sending up distress signals. It was impossible to think that one little automobile could have done so much damage.

Where was O'Brien, anyway? A strange nurse washed him and took his temperature. She was cute too—but not as cute as O'Brien. Even if O'Brien was a liar, she was the cutest one he'd ever seen.

And maybe she wasn't a liar, he admitted after a while, because he did feel better. Not physically, but . . . it was something he couldn't put into words. It was as if he'd suddenly discovered how a bird felt when it lifted its wings and soared into the air. It was new—and it was wonderful.

He'd just finished breakfast when the telephone rang. With difficulty, he got it off the hook and Serita's voice came over the wire. "How's my Sweetie-Pie this morning?"

"Oh, I feel fine—here and there."

"Papa and I are going down to talk to that man that hit you, Coby. He hasn't any job. All he's got is a Great Dane and no accident insurance."

Coby hadn't once thought of the driver of the car. "Gee!"

"He says it was your fault, ducky, and—well, Papa thinks maybe it was."

"Then it must have been." He remembered how he'd stood in the street, powerless to move—waiting . . . "I know it was. Tell the guy to forget it."

"But—but I don't think he will," Serita sounded worried. "You broke a headlight, dented a fender and mashed

in the grill, Coby, and he's mad. Papa told him you didn't have any money either, and he said what the heck—he couldn't fix his car with excuses or feed a Great Dane on sympathy."

Coby almost dropped the telephone. "Look, honey," he said, when at last he could speak, "I can settle all this when I close the sale on the bookshop, so—"

"Oh—I forgot to tell you," Serita interrupted contritely. "Papa's friend backed out on the deal. He says he has more faith in washing machines than in books. But you mustn't worry, Pettins," she added. "Papa will work something out. You just forget everything and get well. We'll be up later—"

Coby got the phone back on the hook and lay looking at the ceiling. The bookshop wasn't sold! It was still his . . .

But not for long. He turned his head on the pillow. He might as well face it. Sooner or later a buyer would come along and he'd have to let it go . . .

Where was O'Brien? He felt terrible—sick on the inside and miserable all over the outside. It was after nine, and—where was she?

"Hi!" O'Brien came breezing in, her arms full of clean linen. "Bath time!"

Coby went cold. "You're not going to bathe me!"

She put the linen on the table. "Want to bet?"

He lay with his eyes closed and his jaws clamped together as she spread the bath blanket over him and removed the top sheet from beneath it. He turned while she untied his hospital nightie and took it off, then he burrowed his chin into the protecting—and saving—bath blanket. He wished he'd died when that car had hit him . . .

A WEEK LATER, standing by the window, Coby looked out into the afternoon sunshine. He didn't see why they wouldn't let him go home. He'd been up and around for three hours now, and there was no sense in sticking around here any longer.

He glanced at his watch. Serita was late—and yesterday she hadn't come until visiting hours were almost over. "I'm fixing a surprise for you, Lambie-Pie!" she'd said mysteriously.

He wished she'd hurry. She'd promised to bring him some new razor blades and if he had to use his old one once more, his face could double for a raw hamburger.

He heard her heels tapping down the hall a few minutes later, then she came in, her arms laden with a basket of fruit, a box of candy, two magazines and a paper-wrapped package. "Darling—you're up!"

His eyes went over the loot. "All this—and razor blades, too?"

"Oh!" Her hand went to her mouth. "I forgot."

"Oh, no!" he moaned, reaching for the package. "What's this?"

"Dog biscuits—for Hamlet."

"Hamlet?" He had a swift vision of Maurice Evans chewing a dog biscuit.

"Rufus's Great Dane, Coby."

Rufus. Rufus Peck, the guy with no accident insurance and a Great Dane . . . "Well!" He threw the package on the bed. "When did we start being so cosy? Last I heard, Peck was threatening to sue me."

"But now he isn't, Coby. Papa fixed

Continued on page 26

Helen Campbell's

PAGE

This is it—no foolin'. Snow swirling down from the north and frost painting pictures on the windows. When winter comes spring can be quite far behind. How's the coal lasting?

There is ice on the ponds—good skating ice, smooth and shiny and ringing with the sound of racing blades. There's snow on the hills, just right for bobsleds and ribboned with ski trails. And a good time is being had by all the bundled-up and earmuffed. But I'll throw another log on the fire, draw my chair close and enjoy a little Southern comfort (meaning the ease and the temperature—not what you think).

An old cookbook informs me that "almonds should be shelled before using." Nice to know, that is. Seems like a good idea for brazils and walnuts too. Also for coconuts. And oysters.

It goes without saying—but I'm saying it anyway—that a little seasoning does big things for a dish. The dash of curry in a hot cheese sandwich, the dusting of marjoram on a roast of lamb or thyme on veal, the sprinkle of celery seed in potato soup—or salad—the bay leaf cooked with a pot roast or dunked in a stew. Try a smidgin of mace in a chocolate dish, a pinch of nutmeg in meat cakes; new to you?

Now just how would you butter crumbs, asks Harriet. Easy. Melt a tablespoon of butter, then in with a half cup of crumbs and swish them around with a fork. Use for toppings.

Dark brown tastes: Chocolate cookies double-decked with a filling of mint-flavored boiled or butter icing. Tinted green mebbe. Crackle-crisp ginger wafers made this way—Rub $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of butter (or half butter, half shortening) into $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of flour. Mix in $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of sifted brown sugar and 1 tablespoonful of ginger. Add about $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of molasses and water mixture (mostly molasses) or enough of the same to make dough just stiff enough to handle. Form in a roll, wrap in waxed paper, chill well and truly. Slice sliver-thin; bake 10 minutes or thereabouts in a moderate oven. Nibbles for New Year's.

Soup is never out of mind or out of season. Not if you know a good thing when you taste it.

Wade in and weed out. Antiques are all very well in their place, but their place isn't lurking in your kitchen cupboards, medicine cabinet, desk drawers, clothes closets, toy chests. Separate the sheep from the goats—and away with

encumbrances. Less work, more living space.

Agnes asks, "Will you give me a word of advice on dry cleaning at home." I will, my dear, and the word is—*don't*.

You knew that a little lemon juice brushed over sliced bananas preserves their light complexion. Did you know that orange, grapefruit or pineapple will do the same thing?

I like a shore dinner. You know, one that begins with oysters on the half shell and wends its salty way through clam broth and a lobster entree up to whole resplendent salmon. But I'll be happy with a less complete and less expensive piscatorial menu. Try me on codfish cakes with Red Devil Sauce. Or put a bit of butter in a saucepan, slip in some leftover fish, boiled rice, hard-cooked egg wedges and serve me a Kedgerree. If that's too much trouble—open a can of sardines.

Tips on slips—pillowslips. First rotate in use. Second, put through the wringer seam end first to sidestep forcing the water through the closed end. Less wear and tear.

Ever served cauliflower with hot mayonnaise pinked up with bits of pimento and spotted with chopped ripe olives? There's a tip for a top. And here's another: drizzle whole-wheat muffins with honey before baking; sprinkle with slivered almonds.

Big three of this pie — apricots, prunes and raisins. Wash, soak and cook the first two— $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of each. Then add the same of raisins, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful of ground cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of chopped nuts and a cupful of sugar. Makes one double-crust.

Put some peanuts with the popcorn when making popcorn balls. Mighty nice, that is.

Is there a patient in the house? Maybe you just can't remember when to give the next dose; set your alarm clock. Maybe the sick-a-bed hates the ticking of a watch, likes it to be seen but not heard; put a tumbler over it. More'n likely the doorbell causes jitters; slip the finger of an old glove over the hammer.

Cake left over? Crumb, toast and scatter over ice cream, floating island, other desserts.

Land sakes alive, I 'most forgot—a Happy New Year. ✚

Priscilla Alden Trumbull Weds!

—She's a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden of Pilgrim fame.

SHE'S ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



Now... Mrs. William Walter Wilcox III. And if you don't think Bill's proud—look at him beam! Priscilla's dream-soft skin is bewitching—cared for by Woodbury, true beauty soap.



Snow love-birds: Priscilla's expert at skiing—expert on skin-care too! "After a long run in the cold—it's Woodbury for me. Mild lather—smooth on skin!" It's *extra-mild*!



"My facial cocktail—Woodbury daily!" says Priscilla. "Creamy lather massage—rinse warm and cold—and my skin feels like satin!" Woodbury's made for skin alone.



Courting fun! Rough going—but Bill thinks Priscilla's pretty smooth. "That's because of Woodbury's smooth work," smiles Priscilla. Cleanses gently... pampers sensitive skin!



Extra-mild...rich with a beauty-cream ingredient, a "skin-smoother." Take to Woodbury, girls—it's the deb-proved beauty care. Goaxes your skin to softer, more romantic beauty.

(Made in Canada)



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

\$100.00 for Best Recipe or Letter

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: Isn't it great to think that there's a brand-new Year coming up for all of us? Three hundred and sixty-five days in which we can work, study, play and be happy! Many of us will dust off our old resolutions, add a few new ones, and (if you're like me) forget most of 'em before the snow's off the ground! But there's one thing none of us should forget. Let us remember to share the many good things that we enjoy with others less fortunate.

That tasty meat twosome, KLIK and KAM, certainly wins the popular vote. You've said so many nice things about their flavour—and shown us how they adapt themselves to any meal of the day, that we're right proud of our wholesome "twins"! Our dietitians worked like heavers testing your delicious, and often unusual, recipes—and there was great excitement when the judges finally reached a decision. Ladies, get ready! Our October First Prize Winner is of the species, *MALE*! Let no one say that men can't cook. Here's one man who proves he can—and along with the \$100.00 "proof" go our

SINCEREST CONGRATULATIONS TO:

MR. CHARLES B. ELGAR,

61 Stevenson Street North, Guelph, Ontario

Mr. Elgar's prize-winning recipe is as tempting and satisfying a dish as I've ever tasted—and I'm sure you'll agree when you make and serve

KLIK (or KAM) SAVOURY

2 tablespoons "Domestic" Shortening	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup dry bread crumbs
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped onion	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 tin condensed tomato soup	1 tin KLIK or KAM, sliced thinly
1 tin consommé	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated "Maple Leaf" Nippy Cheese

Method: Melt the "Domestic" Shortening in a saucepan. Add the onion and cook slowly until tender. Add both tins of soup, bread crumbs and salt. Stir to combine well. Add the thinly-sliced Klik or Kam. Simmer over a very low heat for 30 minutes. Stir in the grated cheese and continue simmering until melted. Serve with mashed potatoes or rice, and a green vegetable such as broccoli, spinach or asparagus. Six servings.

THIS MONTH THERE'S TO BE ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe—or letter describing an interesting or unusual experience with

"MAPLE LEAF" TENDERFLAKE LARD

I know all of you must have a favourite pie or tart filling that you put into a delectable Tenderflake crust—or perhaps your specialty is a dainty little turnover made with the extra bits of that same flaky pastry. Possibly you've had an interesting experience with "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard that you would like to share with me. So here's your chance! Your letter describing some "happening" or your own Tenderflake recipe may win \$100.00 for you—do write me, won't you?

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged **FREE** at your grocer's or butcher's for 1 lb. of "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for First Prize—but we promise only **ONE** Voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize—as well as a Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, January 31st, 1949. First Prize Winner will be announced in my April Magazine column. Be sure to look for it—it could be **YOU**!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

BIRD NOTE: Garlic rubbed lightly on chicken before frying is very special, if I do say so.

TENDER AND SWEET is a "Maple Leaf" Tendersweet Ham. Glaze it; decorate it with red and green cherries stuffed with blanched almonds. Starts the New Year off right!

LILY GILDER: Meringue on a pie is a treat to be treasured. Spoon it on for that light, brown cloud effect.

FISH STORY: A little vinegar added to the salted water when cooking fish is a secret I'll share with you. Keeps the thing together, you know.

STOCK SECRET: Never, never throw away the water in which vegetables have been cooked. Store it in the 'frig'—use it to enrich stews, gravies, pot roasts—cook noodles, rice, macaroni in it, and you'll rate high as a cook.

And here we are again at the end of the chapter—there's just space to remind you to write to me about "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard (be sure your letter is postmarked before midnight, January 31st)—and to wish you all joy and prosperity in the year to come.

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

Just An Ordinary Guy

Continued from page 24

it. That's the surprise." She was fairly bursting. "Coby—Rufus is going to buy the bookshop."

He grabbed hold of the foot of the bed. "What?"

"Isn't it wonderful, lovey? Papa said as long as no one else would have it, it would be a break for everyone. Rufus has no money, but as long as you hit his car, you could waive the down payment. Then, when the money starts rolling in, Rufus can pay you the balance. He'll have a business, you'll be rid of the bookshop and we can be married day after tomorrow."

"He can't. I won't let him," Coby howled. "That Scrooge can't—" he broke off abruptly, staring at her. "Day after tomorrow . . . did you say—day after tomorrow?"

She put her arms around his neck. "I can hardly believe it myself, but Doctor Woods promised to discharge you in the morning. I've been so worried, Coby. My wedding dress is going to be all out of style before long, and I've already had my picture taken in it. And Papa's been worried, too. He's put off our honeymoon so many times, he was afraid maybe he was going to have to die with his boots on." She sighed blissfully. "Kiss me, Coby."

He held her gently. She was little and sweet—kissing her was like drinking cool water on a hot and humid day. Serita . . . day after tomorrow . . .

After she'd gone, he went back to the window. He was still there when O'Brien came in to take his four o'clock temperature.

"For heaven's sake, are you still up? Get back in that bed."

He laughed. "Your top-kick days are about over, O'Brien. I'm being discharged in the morning."

"Oh." She stood quite still, then turned quickly and put the temp tray on the table. "Well, until you get your walking papers, I'm still boss, so get back in that bed."

"Not a chance." He was haughtily disdainful.

She threw up her hands. "I do get the darndest patients! Peevish old women, obstinate males, alcoholics, psychosomatics, neurotics—"

"Neurotics? In here?" Coby dropped from his high-horse in amazement. "I thought there were institutions for people like that."

"Don't be ridiculous. Neurotics aren't crazy. They're just unhappy people with unsolved problems."

"Then they should solve them."

"They don't know what their problems are, silly. They're unconsciously rebelling against something—or unconsciously striving for something, and if they knew it—they wouldn't be neurotics."

He grunted. "Crackpots!"

"No, they're not. Some of them are really ill. Their emotions have wrecked their bodies. They're the psychosomatics. The neurotics"—O'Brien's face was pink and she avoided his eyes—"you can never tell about them. Some compensate by eating—and get fat. Some become recluses. Some step out with other people's wives or husbands—"

"Oh, now. Listen here—"

"—and others . . ." she hesitated, frowning, "find escape in falling down—"

stairs . . . tumbling off ladders and— and things like that. They're the—the accident-prone . . ."

"Well, I'll be darned!" He sat down on the foot of the bed. "Poor devils—wouldn't it be awful to be such a nut?" He laughed shortly. "Surely makes me glad I'm just an ordinary guy."

"Maybe—maybe they think they're ordinary, too," O'Brien glanced at him, then looked away.

"Oh, yeah?" Coby laughed again. "How could they, when . . . say!" The blood surging into his face, he jumped to his feet. "What is this, anyway? Are you saying—You are!" He grabbed her by the shoulders and whirled her around to face him. "Accident-prone, huh? Neurotic—why, you little—" fury clogged his throat and he shook her until her cap sailed from her brown curls and fell to the floor.

"Coby—" desperately she pushed against him and he caught the glint of unshed tears as she tried to twist away, but it was too late—he'd seen. He put one hand behind her head, forcing her face up to his—and this wasn't O'Brien Lee, saucy and impudent. This—this was someone new . . . a girl, cornered and defenseless, and—his breath caught.

"O'Brien—" he whispered and her hair was soft in his fingers. "O'Brien!" His mouth found her lips with an urgency so undeniable, so compelling, that he was shaken with it.

She was taut with protest—and then she was clinging to him with an answering need as imperative as his own. This was something beyond him, never expected—never suspected. It was being caught in a whirlwind—rising, exultant, on the crest of a tempest . . .

Suddenly she wrenched free. "Coby, we—oh!" She gave him one long despairing look, then turned and ran from the room.

Coby stood where she'd left him. O'Brien. O'Brien Lee . . .

IT WAS nine o'clock. He'd had his breakfast, paid his bill, his bag was packed and it was time to go.

"I'll have to check your chart into the office." O'Brien appeared in the doorway. She didn't look at him.

"I guess that's everything, my boy," Pop Baldwin's eyes policed the room. "Ready?"

"I—yes." Coby picked up his hat, creasing it carefully. Was that all she was going to say? But what was there to say—now? She'd said it all yesterday . . . his jaw set grimly. She'd said more than enough! He stooped and picked up his bag. Serita was waiting in the car—

They went down the hall, a procession of three. "We're taking you home to the farm where you'll be safe," Pop said. "In the morning, you can drive to the church with Rufus in the station wagon."

Coby looked up. "Rufus?"

"Oh—I guess I didn't tell you. Rufus and Hamlet are going to stay with me until you and Serita get back from your honeymoon." Pop chuckled. "She's gone plumb crazy over that dog—got him out there in the car with her now. Rufus, too," he added.

They stepped into the elevator and O'Brien's arm brushed Coby's. He jumped and she pushed the button—hard. The cage descended slowly.

"You know something, Coby?" Pop broke the silence. "Rufus is a right smart fella when you get to know him.



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He went all over your bookshop yesterday and he says you've got a lot of old stuff there—"

"First editions," Coby brightened. He'd hunted for them, tracked them down, bargained—

"No wonder you didn't make money with all that old junk." Pop shook his head. "Rufus says the first thing he's going to do is to have a big bonfire—"

"Bonfire?" Coby yelped. "With my books?"

"Now, now—he can burn a bunch of old books if he wants to, you know. It's his shop."

"Come on, Coby," O'Brien said quietly and he realized the car had stopped. She took them into the parlor and he stood there with Pop, watching as she went out with his chart. She looked very crisp and professional in a uniform so clean it crackled when she walked. No one would ever guess the softness of her—the warmth . . . he wet his lips, his throat dry. He'd skip that . . . he'd forget it. He—he'd drink clear cool water and not think of the provocative taste of heady wine . . .

O'Brien came back into the parlor after a long time. "That seems to be all," she said, and he thought that her smile didn't quite fit. It was too tight. She went outside with them, stopping at the top of the long flight of steps. She held out her hand. "Good-by, Coby. Auf wieder sehn, au revoir, adios and so long—"

His fingers closed hard around hers. "Aren't you going to wish me luck? Mind your manners, Miss Lee." It didn't sound as clever as he'd thought it would.

"The best, Coby—always. But"—she withdrew her hand—"knowing you, I wouldn't count on it." She turned quickly and went back into the building.

He stood stiffly, looking after her. There it was again! "Knowing you—" Accident-prone!

"What are we waiting for?" Pop asked impatiently.

"Nothing," Coby jammed his hat on his head angrily. "Nothing at all."

Pop went ahead of him and Coby looked across the drive to where Pop's big shining car waited outside the gate. There were two people in the front seat, so absorbed they hadn't seen him. Scrita and a man with sandy hair—Rufus. Coby squinted in the sun. Somehow he'd pictured Rufus as a skinny little guy, but from this distance it could almost be Pop himself sitting behind the wheel, broad shoulders, big hat and all. "A right smart fella when you get to know him"—only Coby didn't want to get to know him.

Then he saw the huge dog poking his head out the back window. Hamlet. Why, that animal was as big as—as a cow! Not a full-grown cow maybe, but a cow was a cow at any age. Coby shivered.

He started slowly down the steps—and then he saw it. A banana peel, slippery side up, lying on the steps below him. It had probably been thrown there by a visitor or a careless child . . . he watched Pop walk unconcernedly past it. Coby's steps slowed as he came toward it. People ought to have more sense than to throw things like that around! They were dangerous! Suppose a person didn't see it—didn't walk around it, as Pop had? He'd have a nasty fall—he could break an arm—or a leg . . .

Picture of the year



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It was only three steps away. Coby's eyes held to it in helpless fascination. Two steps, now... he could feel goose pimples bloom all over him. One more step—and maybe he wouldn't have to go out to that car! Maybe he would escape going to that church tomorrow to pledge his life away...

Escape... it stopped him cold, confused and bewildered by his wayward thoughts. Escape! That was the word O'Brien had used when she said—when she said...

Coby began to feel very peculiar remembering what she'd said. And he felt more than peculiar, standing there face to face with that banana peel, realizing that perhaps—perhaps she might be right—

Perhaps? She was right. "... they are unconsciously rebelling against something..."

He'd been blind—and dumb, too.

"Coby!" Pop turned and stopped.

"Ye gods, boy—come on."

Coby put his bag down and sat on it.

"No."

Pop's jaw dropped. "What did you say?"

"I said 'no.' I've never said it to you before, have I?"

Pop looked at him and his eyes narrowed. "You've never acted this way before either, Coby McShane. I don't like it—and I don't think Serita will."

Coby smiled complacently. "Serita will love me like a brother. She—always has."

"Like what?" Pop cried. "That's not the way I heard it."

Coby glanced at the car—and grinned. "You haven't heard the latest. And are you going to be surprised!"

"See here, young man, I've just about had enough—"

"That's all I wanted to know." Coby jumped to his feet. "Thanks, Pop!" He drew back his foot and with one accurate kick sent the banana peel sailing to the grass. "One thing more—tell Rufus Peck he can't have my bookshop either, and if he doesn't like it—send him to me. I can lick him with one hand—and Hamlet with the other."

He ran back up the steps, jerked open the door—and stopped. O'Brien was standing there and he knew she'd been there all the time—watching. "Well, Miss Lee—imagine meeting you here!" He set his bag down carefully. "I'm back again—only this time it's no accident."

She gave him a wild look and started to run, but he reached out and caught her. "Oh, no, you don't! And if you don't want to get kissed right here in front of everybody, you'll come quietly."

The parlor was empty. She was in his arms—and she was crying. Crying deeply and not caring. "You'll hate me—oh, Coby, please don't hate me."

"Hate you?" Startled, he lifted her chin. "Now who's crazy?"

"I just c-couldn't let you g-go like t-that—" she said between sobs. "I—I had to do it."

"Do what, for gosh sakes?"

"That banana peel! I knew you'd either slip and be carried back in, or—you'd know. So"—she buried her face against his coat—"I put it there."

"Holy cats!" he breathed, awed.

She drew a long quivering breath.

"What could I lose?"

His arms tightened. "Not me!" he said fervently. "Not me—ever..."

We Don't Want Your Men

Continued from page 3

with other girls, and possibly with other men in any organization.

For instance, she must be nicely dressed. A dowdy female isn't an ornament to any office, and she certainly doesn't help make a firm look as though it's doing all right when an out-of-town customer drops in! On the other hand, a well-dressed secretary gives a customer a feeling that the firm can apparently afford to pay a living wage to its help. And she also gives the boss the feeling that he can pick competent help, too...

It's absolutely necessary for a good businesswoman to speak her boss' language. Naturally! She must know what he's talking about when he discusses the Wumph case, or the Hamph deal, or the Pumph layout. It's also her business, if she wants to hold her job, to be thrilled at little triumphs, to be as angry as he is at delays.

I've heard lots of criticism about us business gals flattering our bosses. Well, f'r heaven's sake, what would we do? Pan 'em? There has to be lots of the old oil poured on in business. It makes things run much smoother.

All this is to state that there are very real reasons for a business girl's clothes, conversation, attitude, and none of them are actually designed as a snare. And yet, say the homemakers, sometimes they act as a snare. Surely, something could be done about that. As a matter of fact, I know personally two or three girls who did do something about it. And I'll bet their little dodges would work wherever there's difficulty.

For instance, there was Marian. A nice person, but without much business sense, so when she got married, Marian just gave up trying to understand business. At first Bill, who was an accountant, tried to explain to her when he came home why he was elated one night—blue the next. In a word, what had gone on at the office to upset or excite him. However, it was soon obvious, even to love-struck Bill, that Marian didn't know and didn't care about that part of his life. The only time she was interested in the office was when she dropped in to get some money.

However, sensible Marian snapped out of it—but fast! One day she dropped into the office, and found Bill and his secretary laughing fit to kill at some private joke. Suddenly the positions were reversed and Marian saw it. It was Miss Thing whose company Bill enjoyed... and it was Marian's fault. Know what she did? She asked Miss Thing out to lunch. She didn't patronize her, or ask her to do any favors. She just bought her a nice lunch. And from then on, she made a point of being a friend to Bill's secretary. From the girl, Marian picked up enough office gossip to appear, and finally to be interested in Bill's work. Now the three of them are a working team, but it's to Marian that Bill brings his jokes and his worries and his triumphs.

Case Two is about Sylvia. Sylvia was a pretty girl when she was married—pretty as a picture. And about five years after Sylvia married Fred, she, too, was having "office wife" trouble. Now, Fred was a discriminating picker who liked a nice-looking gal... as witness, Sylvia. And his wife found that more and more, because Fred was a simple soul and not given to wiles, the name of

his secretary was coming into his conversation. First it was, "Miss Jones was telling me..." and "Miss Jones likes..." Then it got to be, "Margaret was saying..." and "Margaret hit the nail on the head when she..." Sylvia was a darned good housekeeper, and a good mother and she rarely bothered Fred at the office. (Fred, by the way, was a buyer in a department store.) However, one bright Thursday Sylvia was downtown shopping, and she dropped in to see Fred. She saw Margaret, and she went home and pondered. Margaret was wearing a "good little black dress." It probably cost plenty, and Margaret probably wore it, with a change of costume jewelry or jacket, four days out of five. Margaret's hair was smooth and shining, done in braids on top of her head. Margaret wore well-brushed suede pumps, and smart black and pearl earrings. And Margaret, who wasn't nearly so pretty as Sylvia, looked like a million dollars. So... Sylvia pondered.

"Well," she said to herself, "she hasn't got two children and a house to look after."

"No," said Sylvia, The Honest, "but she works for eight hours a day, and she only has her evenings and Sundays. I have my evenings, and maybe part of my days too, when the children are at school."

"Well, but," says Sylvia, "it's part of her job to look smart!"

"And why," says Sylvia The Honest, "isn't it part of my job to look smart?"

She went to the mirror, she told me, and looked. She'd worn her old polo coat to shop in, because why wear your good coat downtown? True, but the polo coat was three wearings past the cleaners now! Her hair—the hair that used to be so golden and shining—was dull and mousy because she didn't brush it. Sylvia had on suede pumps too, but she hadn't been able to find her suede brush for a month, and she hadn't bought a new one, because... well, why go on? And then she thought of the mornings, and she blushed for shame! Mornings when she'd come to breakfast in an old cotton housecoat over a nightie, with her hair in curlers, and her slippers run down at the heels, and not even lipstick on.

"Oh-oh-oh!" thought Sylvia, "I feex!" And she feexed.

These girls proved something to me. They proved that if a wife (and remember, I was a wife) will adopt the attitude of the working girl, which is the I-can-be-fired-if-I-don't-work-at-it attitude, she won't have to worry about office competition.

If she'll remember that when he married her she, too, was a "smart dresser," and he didn't necessarily have to know what went on behind the scenes to make her so. She was good-natured... and he didn't know that sometimes it was an effort! She appeared interested in his talk, whether or not it privately bored her. She liked discussing his day, as well as hers and seemed to think it fascinating.

After all, most young wives today have worked in business... remember? They should know how absorbing a job can be to a man. So... please treat marriage as you used to treat your job, girls, and don't think about us Career Girls as man-hunters. Because, honestly, we don't want your men. We each want one of our own! +

WATCH OUT FOR WINTER AILMENTS



COLDS should be treated promptly! They often occur when body resistance is low, due perhaps to insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air, improper nutrition, or exposure to changes in weather. The cold may lower resistance still further and, if neglected, may lead to influenza, pneumonia or other infections.

INFLUENZA, while more serious than a cold, is not usually dangerous in itself. It may, however, weaken the system and pave the way for other illnesses. Fortunately, there is a new vaccine which has been used with considerable success against certain types of influenza. The doctor may recommend this vaccine if an epidemic threatens, if a person suffers from frequent colds, or if poor physical condition makes influenza a special danger.

PNEUMONIA is still a serious disease that calls for prompt diagnosis and treatment. The sulfa drugs and penicillin are highly effective in most cases, but they must be given early for best results. Your doctor now has a vaccine which provides protection against many of the most common types of pneumonia. One type of this disease, *virus pneumonia*, does not respond to the vaccine, sulfa drugs or penicillin. Although seldom fatal, it should have immediate medical attention.

The best protection against winter ailments is keeping in good physical condition. If you catch a cold, try to get all the rest you can, eat lightly, drink plenty of liquids, and cover your coughs and sneezes so that you will not infect others.

IF FEVER ACCOMPANIES A COLD,
CALL A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY!

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The sensations of an audience watching THE RED SHOES, for instance, for the first time, are almost impossible to report.

★ ★ ★

SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC belongs in the class of the unforgettable. It was chosen for the Royal Command Performance, in London, now the premier honor in motion pictures and the film event of the year.

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Its star is John Mills who recently became Britain's most popular actor. The producer is Michael Balcon of Ealing.

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When the real drama of this great adventure, expertly told and replayed, is interpreted by the Technicolor cameras with authentic Antarctic backgrounds, it regains again all the excitement it held when it dominated the headlines.

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Not only this great story but one of the greatest of all story-tellers, reaches the screen among the new pictures. Somerset Maugham has blended four of his best-read stories including "Alien Corn", to make the film, QUARTET and is himself appearing in the picture.

★ ★ ★

Mr. P. and Mr. T. or, (to give it its full title), MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAILL, comes from Hugh Walpole's best-seller concerning the private lives of school-teachers.

The cast is noteworthy: David Farrar, (BLACK NARCISSUS); Greta Gynt, (TAKE MY LIFE); Marius Goring, (THE RED SHOES).

★ ★ ★

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture,
ask at your own Theatre.

An  Release

We Struck It Rich

Continued from page 11

father and mother. She went out into 45 below weather to cut stumps. There was no money for coal oil or even candles, and flickering light from the little barrel heater was their only illumination. Entertaining the children during those long evenings was no problem for her; she told them fairy stories, and her gentle voice gave age-old tales new enchantment. And always as she talked she listened for the comforting sound of her husband's step at the door.

"When I saw Acel come in with a 200-pound sack of flour strapped on his back . . . he had walked the 28 miles . . . I felt secure for another month."

Each year Mabel baked 4,000 loaves of bread. When there was no money for yeast the children's school lunches were hot cakes and lard. She made wheat pies out of bread dough, "pumpkin" pie out of boiled carrot pulp. Acel was a good hunter and when he bagged a deer they celebrated with venison steaks. Mrs. Giauque learned to fry bear meat and render the fat. And every summer she picked almost 100 quarts of blueberries and cranberries.

"We take our turkey plain now," Mrs. Giauque says. "We never want to taste cranberries again!"

In 1937 the Giauques decided to head north. Before they left, they held an auction. Acel asked the crowd of neighbors for bids on the family stove, beds, and few pieces of furniture. His enthusiasm was catching. By the end of the evening they were over \$50 richer—in a community where a dollar bill was as rare as an orange.

They used the money to buy an old touring car and trailer. Then the poor Giauques, "that crazy bunch heading nowhere," as the neighbors put it, bounced out of the gate and up the road, four of them crammed in the front seat, five in the back with Kyden the cat.

They slept at night in a small weather-beaten tent and every meal was corn and potatoes. The road was bad, the car broke down, and Acel had to fix it. But watching the rugged landscape through the windshield, Mabel felt happy. She was going to like this northland! It took several days to travel to Lac la Biche. They could go no farther by car; it was rail from there—and they were stony broke. It took Acel days of walking through the district to find a buyer for their battered car. When he finally did they still lacked enough money for train tickets. Fred solved that by stealing a ride in the coal tender. Nine Giauques, tired and somewhat grimy but cheerful and broke as usual, reached Fort McMurray, railroad to the north. Things had to be better here, and for a while it looked as if they would be, for minutes after they reached McMurray Fred found a bit of gold while washing in a creek.

Cook for the Lumber Camp

Looking back on it now, Acel and Mabel realize fate wasn't ready to be kind so soon. Acel couldn't find work for weeks, and when he did get a job piling logs for a lumber company they paid him in merchandise orders. That was all right until they found that merchants wouldn't always take them! "Hubie had no shoes," Mabel says, a trace of bitterness still in her voice, "and

when the two of us walked five miles to the store with a company purchase order, the man just laughed at me. 'These things are no good!' he said."

Those orders worried Mabel Giauque. No mother could keep a family secure and happy on that setup. The camp cook had left, and Mabel went to the company superintendent with an offer. "I'll cook for this lumber camp," she told him, "if you'll give me enough food and a place to live for my children." The superintendent grudgingly agreed, and a happy mother was able to move her family out of the tent.

McMurray is a fair distance north, but it wasn't far enough for Acel, so the following year he began taking his pay in lumber, and during the long days of northland summer he and his sons built a cabin boat—"The Mabel G."

In the spring of 1940 Acel and the three oldest boys were helping load boats at Fitzgerald. Mabel Giauque was in McMurray while the smaller children attended school. She had been ill that past winter, and as soon as school closed she and the youngsters headed back to Saskatchewan, where she underwent an operation. Convalescing on her mother's farm there, she eagerly read the air-mail letters her husband sent faithfully. "We're in Yellowknife now," he wrote, "and we've fixed up a nice little cabin. We want you!"

Their cabin was set on a rock, overlooking the crooked streets that ran down to the inland sea of Great Slave Lake. Mabel felt immediately at home in the bustling, workaday town. They were really north, and for the next year "The Mabel G." earned a living for them as a water taxi and supply boat.

Acel bought the caterpillar tractor in 1943, and they worked hard log booming and hauling supplies. Slowly their savings increased, until they had almost \$6,000. They were ready to make the gamble. With the money they bought tents, dynamite, tools and grub for a summer's bushwacking. Mabel stayed in Yellowknife caring for the younger children. Acel and the oldest boys, in search of gold, picked at rocks beside half a hundred lakes, trudged through bog, muskeg and timber. It wasn't easy, staking claims. But sacrifice was forgotten when they learned samples of ore sent to the assaying office yielded a high return of gold. They had struck it rich!

Money makes money, they say, and that's how it was with the Giauques. A bit of gold from that first mine was kept by Acel to make a new wedding ring for his wife. But most of their new wealth was reinvested in the next summer's prospecting. Acel and two of the boys, Bruce and Hubie, willingly gambled their portion of the money on a plane and more equipment. The other boys preferred to bury their talents in the ground, and now work for the more venturesome members of the family. For that gamble paid off in more strikes and further capital. Today Acel, Bruce and Hubie are full partners in the Giauque enterprises.

What do you suppose you'd buy if you had been poor all your life, and suddenly got a lot of money? Acel and Mabel Giauque did the first real shopping in years in Edmonton. They even spent \$230 so they might fly there! Arm in arm they wandered like happy honeymooners through the attractive stores. They weren't interested in fancy stickpins or French perfumes—they had

known too much want ever to be reckless with money. Yellowknife's first millionaire and his lady bought furniture, a refrigerator and a vacuum cleaner for a start. Mabel had scrubbed clothes on a board, often using melted snow. So a home laundry came next.

Then Acel gave her surprise gifts—an engagement ring to replace the one she'd been forced to pawn so long ago. This new ring, sparkling with diamonds, will be hers for always. And she was equally thrilled with his second gift—a muskrat coat. Acel felt a deep satisfaction, for all through the hard times there had never been money to buy a present for her at birthdays or Christmas.

Time to Relax

The Giauques, always travelers, get around now more than ever. Business interests keep them in Edmonton a lot, so Mr. Giauque has bought a home there. It's not pretentious, but then the Giauques are not pretentious people.

As a businessman, Mr. Giauque needs lessons from no one. He's not cunning or hard, but he can spot a bad deal a mile away. He's been cautious ever since a certain plausible stranger sold him a sawmill!

"Let's start an airplane servicing company," he said to his sons when he found that his planes—he owns three of them—weren't being repaired quickly enough. That company, like all the other Giauque enterprises, is a prosperous, paying concern. Acel keeps more than 60 men busy in his prospecting companies, aircraft plant and incidental interests.

At the drop of a hat Mr. Giauque will show you colored home movies, his one extravagance. Cheerfully he produces dozens of cans of film. "Here's an interesting reel," he'll say, and moments later you're watching Canada's colorful north unfolding, while host Giauque and his wife make sure that you miss no important points. "Look there, now!" he'll exclaim. "See the color of that rock? 'Canary bloom' we call it, it means there's uranium there."

There'll be more movies and more experiences to relate because each summer Acel and Mabel Giauque head back to their beloved northland to hunt new adventures and enjoy the fellowship of their sons. Both of them are eager to be on the go. Maybe that's why Mabel Giauque confessed when she accompanied Acel on a recent trip that she was impatient and restless.

"Acel had to leave home on business," she explained, "but we'll be glad to get back to the cottage at Yellowknife, back to the bush country. In a big city there's so little for me to do!"

Mabel Giauque accepts their riches as philosophically as she accepted poverty. The happiness of her husband and family has always come first, and she achieved that long ago. Her steel-grey hair is now softly curled; her suit becomingly tailored. She enjoys pretty earrings and dashing hats. But Acel and the boys cannot stop her from scrubbing floors or ironing of their shirts. Habits of a lifetime aren't easily changed.

"Plenty of time to relax later," she tells Acel when he protests. It has been easier for him to adjust. But she is the woman, the mother, who had known life as a stab of un eased pain, a child's sob of hunger, an empty flour sack.

It will take her a little longer. ♦

The Heritage

Continued from page 14

the pillow, holding the little doll against her cheek. She was resentful and bitter. And mixed with the bitterness was a sense of guilt. Girls ought to love their mothers. Some day God would probably punish her because she didn't love hers. She loved her father, whom she had never seen, her gay and handsome father. Her mother said he was handsome and charming. But she didn't love her mother. And the reason was because her mother had left her father, divorced him. She said they didn't get along and that she stopped loving him so she left him. Her mother was to blame for it all. If she had only kept on living with her father, they would have had a real home. Not two small housekeeping rooms with a kitchenette. There wasn't even a yard for them. Well, there was a yard, but it belonged to the people downstairs who owned the house, and they didn't want children running around over their irises and dahlias. It didn't matter so much any more. She was 14, and you don't need a yard quite so much then. And from now on she would be away at boarding school so much. But that was just it. She wouldn't need to be away at school if they had a real home. They could have been a real family with her mother baking fudge cakes and tying her head up in a huck towel when she cleaned house, the way Julie's mother did. And perhaps her father wouldn't be a naval officer then. Perhaps he would come home every night with a briefcase under his arm, and say, "Well, what have you been doing all day, Punkin?" Julie's father called her Punkin.

Why, why had her mother left her father? How could any woman leave a man as delightful and romantic as her father was?

Tomorrow she was going home for the long week end. All the other girls had washed and set their hair and put fresh polish on their nails and saved out their nicest underwear to put on in the morning. But Manda dreaded it. Four days with her mother. Four days to try to act the way her mother wanted her to, and never succeeding, and always seeing that waiting, unhappy look in the back of her mother's eyes. She didn't want to go home!

She was on Kitchen Committee this week, and that meant washing and putting away the dishes after breakfast. The others on her committee kept saying, "Hurry, Manda. Mac will soon be here." Mac was the driver of the bus for Mary Beecher House. But Manda didn't feel like hurrying. Why should she? Even when she did get home there would be nobody there. Her mother had a job as switchboard operator in an insurance office downtown.

Mrs. Kordoy stood in the doorway and inspected the girls and said good-by when they filed past her. Manda was the last. Mrs. Kordoy put her hand on Manda's shoulder. "I hope you have a happy holiday, Manda. And give my regards to your mother."

Manda said politely, "Yes, thank you."

She got off the big yellow bus and took a streetcar. It was only a 15-minute ride.

Mrs. Porter was in the kitchen making pies. She took the key down

from the clock shelf and gave it to Manda.

"My son and daughter and their families are coming for dinner tomorrow. I'll have to put all the leaves in the table. There'll be 12 of us, not counting the baby." She looked contentedly happy. "What are you and your mother going to do?"

Manda said brightly, "I imagine mother left a note. She always does."

She went up the stairs and down the dim hall and unlocked the room at the end. She put her overnight bag beside her cot in the little bedroom, and her purse on the dresser. Her mother's amber comb and brush and mirror lay in an orderly row. Everything looked as if it had been dusted that morning.

There was a note in the corner of the mirror. Her mother always left one there. She wrote, "Hello, Manda. Don't be alarmed if you don't see any food in the icebox because I thought that we would eat out tomorrow. You be thinking of some nice place you want to go. Be sure you eat enough lunch. There's a can of tunafish. I put a little package for you in your dresser drawer. See you tonight. Mother."

Manda opened the drawer. In a brown paper sack she found a pair of white fur mittens, the kind girls were wearing last year. This year they wore knitted ones with flowers on the backs of them.

She slipped her hands into them. They were the right size, but they made her hands look like a bear's paws. She stared at them, hating them.

HER MOTHER was always trying to do things for her. As if she were trying to make up for something. There was only one thing she could have done that Manda wanted. She could have stayed married to her father and given her a home.

She went out to the kitchenette and took the white pitcher out of the cupboard and went down the hall to the bath. That was another thing she hated, sharing the bath. She came back and poured the cold water into a glass and drank it.

There was a two-burner gas plate on an oilcloth-covered table in the kitchenette. On a shelf above it were pepper and salt and matches. A little drop-leaf table stood against the wall, covered with a poppy-splattered cloth, a hole in the middle of it neatly darned. There were two chairs. There wasn't room for anything else. The kitchenette was under the eaves so that you could stand up straight only on one side of it.

She went into what they called their "front" room. It had one overstuffed chair in a deep maroon color. If you sat in it, you went down a little on one side where the spring was weak. There was another occasional chair and a brown leather hassock and an ancient oak library table where her mother kept stationery and ink in a drawer. On top of the table was a bowl of imitation asters, banked by the two tall red candles her mother had bought the Christmas before last and put in the little glass star-shaped holders from the dime store. The candles had never been lighted, and they were faded to a deep pink by the sun, and the wicks looked dusty.

On the walls were snapshots of Manda. Enlarged snapshots with

Continued on page 34

Have You Seen This NEW DISCOVERY about Hot Water?



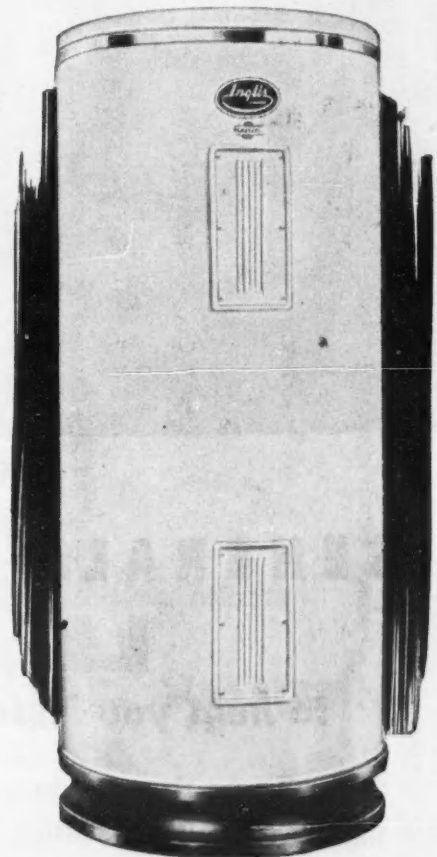
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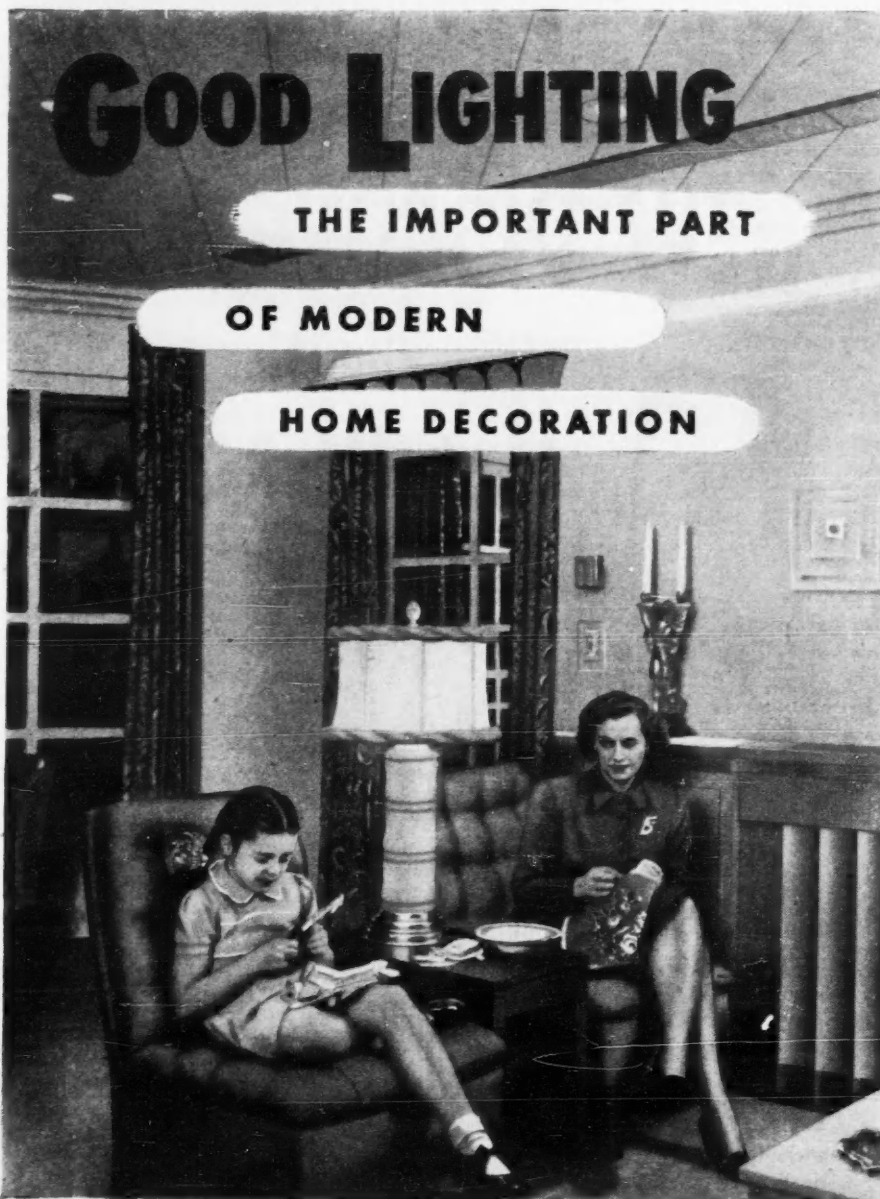
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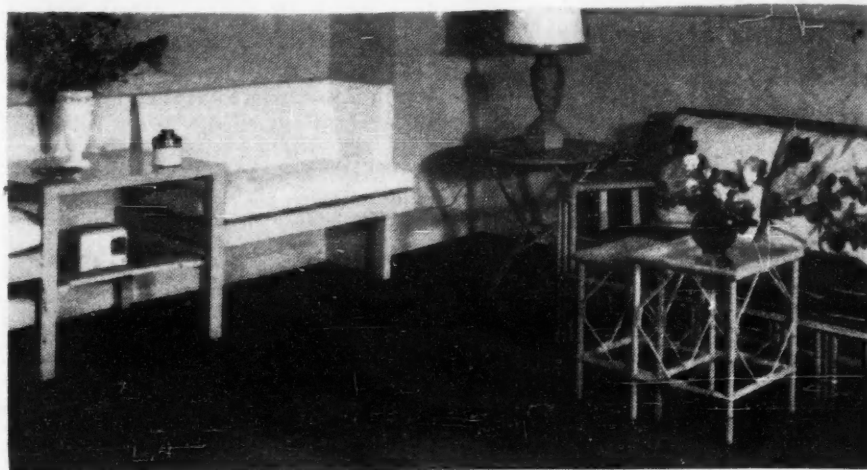
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Lay the Floor Yourself

by **John Caulfield Smith**
Home Planning Editor

WHY NOT build that recreation room you've been planning on, this winter? Your first problem is where to locate the room. If you have a boiler or furnace with automatic firing you can build the room around it. If yours is an older house, however, and the furnace room is also used for the laundry and fuel bin, better look elsewhere. Choose the largest unoccupied space at your disposal—a place that has sufficient head room, and is dry and easy to heat.

You may not require a whole section of the basement for your recreation room. It's easy to divide it up. A wooden two by four is used as a plate on which to build the necessary partition. The plate is fastened by means of screws which extend through it into expansion shields set in the floor. Holes to receive the shields are made with a star drill and a hammer. Of course, the bottom of the plate should be coated with bituminous paint to protect it from moisture rising through the floor.

A similar plate is fastened to the ceiling joists and the space between the plates is filled with two by four studs erected vertically on 24-inch centres. Short horizontal sections of two by fours inserted midway between the studs will greatly strengthen the partition. Face it and the ceiling with wall-board.

Surface Should Be Smooth

For the floor, asphalt tile is a practical covering which may be laid directly on top of concrete. It is colorful, resilient, and long lasting. Very little care is required for its upkeep and it has many

advantages. It repels water and resists cigarette and match burns.

A reasonably smooth surface is necessary for proper application of asphalt tile. If the floor is only slightly uneven the tile will conform to its contours, but if there are serious hollows or irregularities they must first be filled. A mastic mix is used, employing the proportions of one cubic foot of cement to three cubic feet of sand to 12½ gallons of emulsified asphalt. (These quantities make enough material to cover an area of 100 square feet ½ inch thick.) The mix does not have to be heated. It is applied with a trowel and should be given two days in which to set.

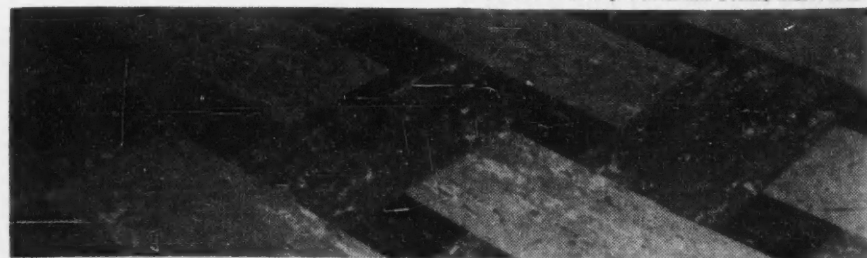
Often, in finishing a concrete floor the trowel marks dry in little ridges. They should be smoothed with a carborundum stone. If they're very uneven it may be necessary to apply a coating of flooring cement to the concrete and lay a layer of asphalt-saturated felt over it. Before putting down the felt, see that the concrete is dry, clean and free from any foreign matter. It should be treated with an asphalt concrete primer before the flooring cement is applied.

Asphalt tiles may be obtained from stores and dealers specializing in flooring. The tiles are nine inches square and ⅛ inch thick. The colors and effects available are practically limitless and any number of attractive patterns can be worked out. Manufacturers also make decorative insets two inches wide, feature strips and bases of various heights.

After you've chosen or developed a floor design, you'd be well advised to measure the size of your recreation room and draw a plan showing the tile at a scale of ¼ inch equals one foot. Remember, when the time comes to lay the tile, work from the centre of the

Asphalt tile makes a highly satisfactory and colorful floor covering for your recreation room—water-repellent and burn-resistant. But be sure to follow directions carefully to get the happy result shown below.

Photo courtesy Canadian Johns-Manville.



room. This will ensure that you'll have a border of approximately the same width on all four sides. To locate the centre of the room stretch a cord from two corners to the corners diagonally opposite them. The centre is where the cords intersect. Having found it, establish your north-south and east-west centre lines and chalk them on the floor.

There are a few precautions to observe in installing asphalt tile. They, and the recreation room, should be kept at a temperature of 70 degrees for two days before and after they are laid. The tiles must be heated before being applied, either by using a blowtorch or by holding them over the burner of a gas or electric range. Since they hold heat well a number can be warmed and stacked one at a time.

The concrete floor on which asphalt tiles are laid must be free from dust and dampness. Flooring cement is used to secure the tiles to the floor but before it is applied the concrete requires a coat of asphalt primer. The mastic employed for filling low spots need not be primed. In laying the tile, the correct procedure is to trowel flooring cement along the centre lines, taking care not to apply more cement than can be covered with tile in an hour. After the tiles have been laid along the centre lines, it's a simple matter to install the remainder.

Rarely does a border work out exactly the same width as a tile. If trimming is necessary, heat the tile till it bends easily, then score it on the back by drawing a linoleum knife along the edge of a metal ruler or bar. The tile will break along the desired line quite easily. Incidentally, at doorways and other exposed locations, asphalt tile should be protected with metal edging made especially for this purpose.

Q: What color scheme is best for a basement recreation room?

A: Bright, cheery colors are recommended. A light-toned ceiling, for instance, will make a room appear higher than it actually is. It will also aid in obtaining maximum illumination.

Q: Do the prices of asphalt tile vary?

A: Yes. There are a number of price ranges. The lightest-colored tile usually costs the most and the darkest-colored tile the least. A checkerboard pattern is an economical compromise.

Q: Is acoustic tile satisfactory for recreation room ceilings?

A: Definitely. It will reduce the amount of noise penetrating to the floor above. Acoustic tile should, of course, be applied in accordance with the manufacturer's directions.

Q: Does the marbled type of asphalt tile show dirt less than tiles in plain colors?

A: Yes. Dust and dirt are less noticeable against marbled patterns. However, plain colors are very effective when used in small areas or as borders.

Q: Is built-in furniture practical in a basement recreation room?

A: Very much so. But do not build in upholstery, though, since in summer dampness may result in its being damaged by mildew.

Q: What is the best way to clean and wax asphalt tile?

A: Mop the floor with warm water in which pure mild soap has been dissolved. For stubborn spots use fine steel wool wrapped in a cloth dipped in the water. Finish by mopping with clear water. Never use turpentine, gasoline or abrasives. A liquid water wax is recommended for waxing, not a paste wax. +



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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
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Continued from page 31

corners that curled up. There was one stuck in the mirror of the dresser, and one backed up against the pot of African violets on the table beside her mother's bed.

Once Julie had asked her home for a week end. That was the time her mother was in the hospital having her tonsils out. Her mother said she should go to Julie's. She said she'd be all right, after all, it was just tonsils. Manda went to Julie's. She felt guilty. She knew she should have gone home and taken her mother a book to read or a magazine. But she didn't.

Julie lived in a house out in the country club section. It had eight rooms and two baths and a two-car garage. A woman came in every night to serve the dinner and wash up the dishes afterward. Julie's father and mother played golf a lot together, and they were always razzing each other about their scores. One night when they were alone, Julie took Manda all through the house. There were traverse draperies in every room and a fireplace in the master bedroom and a concert grand in the living room. Then they went to the kitchen and made peanut butter fudge, and Manda sat on a long-legged stool and watched Julie at the white electric range, and she kept thinking of the two-burner gas plate in their own kitchenette.

Manda took a nap in the afternoon, and when she woke up it was snowing, great heavy flakes that batted gently against the windows. At a quarter to six her mother came home. Manda heard her steps on the stairs, and she braced herself against the opening of the door. Her mother always looked so eager and happy when she first came in, and then there was the transition—there was *always* the transition—to determined gaiety.

Manda thought, desperately, what can I do? What does she want of me? But she knew, and she knew that she could not give it.

THE DOOR opened. Manda's mother stood there, smiling, the snow melting on her hat and the little brown collar of her coat. She was tall and slender and she had warm dark eyes. She said, "Hello, darling. My, it's nice to come home to find you waiting for me."

Manda thought, It's your fault I'm not here all the time. You sent me to boarding school. You said it would be better than my being here alone so much. She said, "It was nice of you to get me the mittens, mother. They should keep me warm, shouldn't they?"

There was a little note of pleasure in her mother's voice. "Do you really like them, Manda? I'm so glad—sometimes I don't know—" She went into the kitchenette with her packages. "I brought some chow mein for supper, Manda. Subgum, your favorite. My, that snow is wet, look at my coat."

Manda went to the kitchenette. "You hang up your coat, mother. I'll heat the chow mein."

She pulled up one leaf of the table and set the two plates and forks and filled the tea ball and folded two paper napkins. Her mother divided the chow mein and she gave Manda most of the noodles and the almonds and the little strips of chicken. "I'd rather see you eat it," she said, when Manda protested. "I'm not very hungry."

They washed the dishes in a very short time. That was the trouble. There was never enough to do at home. Then they went into the front room and Manda's mother asked her questions about school. She looked interested and understanding and it was as though she were trying to throw a line of rope across the chasm between them. But there was nothing on the other side for the rope to catch onto, and it kept falling back. After a while Manda covered a little yawn with her hand.

Her mother said quickly, "You're tired, Manda. You go ahead and have your bath first tonight."

Manda wasn't tired a bit, but she stood up and stretched out her arms and yawned again. Taking a bath, going to bed, anything was better than sitting and talking like this and knowing she was being a disappointment again.

She was still awake when her mother came tiptoeing back from the bathroom, her damp towel over her arm, smelling a little of carnation bath powder. But she kept her eyes closed, and her mother turned off the light quietly and got into bed. Manda opened her eyes into the darkness and lay listening to the gentle sounds of the snow and the wind around the roof and the ticking of the alarm clock and the rustle of the covers on her mother's bed. She lay awake for a long time, and she knew her mother was awake too.

It snowed all night, and next morning all of the roofs and the trees were covered with snow.

"A good thing you wore your galoshes, Manda." Her mother smiled at her gaily. They were ready by 12 o'clock to go downtown for their dinner.

When they went downstairs they could smell the roast in Mrs. Porter's oven. Her daughter was setting the table in the dining room. Her son was showing his wife some snapshots in an old album. Mr. Porter was holding the baby on his knee and trying to keep his pipe out of its fingers.

It was very cold outside. They walked over to the streetcar line, their breath white in the air. Manda wore the big white fur mittens because she knew her mother would be pleased. But nobody else was wearing mittens like them.

They had to wait for a table, but after a while the hostess seated them at a table that had not been cleared of its dirty dishes. She handed them menus, murmuring apologetically, "—so busy" and went away.

Manda held the menu up in front of herself so that she wouldn't have to look at the greenish-looking piece of lemon pie full of cigarette ashes that someone had left.

This was no way to eat dinner. She kept thinking of the Porters. They were all together and they loved each other and they laughed a lot and they would all sit around their table with the roast in front of Mr. Porter. There wouldn't be stains on the tablecloth or harried-looking waitresses running around or people on the other side of a rope barrier waiting impatiently for them to get through and go.

Her mother said, "Shall we really celebrate, Manda? Shall we go to a movie after dinner? There's a good one at the Rio."

Manda said, "That would be fun." Her mother said, uncertainly, "Or is there something else you would rather do?"

A waitress came and began piling the soiled dishes on a tray. She spread a clean cloth over the old one and went away with the tray.

Manda said, "No, I can't think of anything else."

They were silent a moment and then her mother leaned toward her a little. She said in a low, desperate voice Manda had never heard before. "Manda—tell me—what is it? What is it?"

The waitress was back, her pencil poised over a pad. "Your orders, please."

Manda's mother said, "You want fried chicken, don't you, dear? Yes, the dinner, of course. The fruit cup, Manda? And the tomato juice for me. And the sweet potatoes and green peas. Milk and tea."

Manda said, "There's nothing the matter, mother."

Her mother had her gloves between her hands, and she kept smoothing the fingers, over and over again. She said, "But there is. There is. Please. Let's not evade it any longer. Can't you tell me? I'd do anything in the world for you—"

She stopped then, because Manda lifted her eyes and looked at her bitterly. "Except one thing," she said. "One thing you could have done."

Her mother clenched her hands together over the gloves. She waited. She said, "What was it? What didn't I do?"

Manda said recklessly, "You could have stayed married to my father. I don't know why you didn't. Then we would have had a regular home. I don't call two rooms and a kitchenette a home."

The waitress stopped beside the table again. "All out of sweet potatoes. Mashed all right?"

Manda's mother turned her head slowly. She looked at the waitress. "What? Oh. Yes. Of course."

She began twirling the water glass around and around in her hands. "Is that it?" They sat in a little pool of silence. After a while she said, "We had a home once—"

Manda stared at her. "We had a home. You mean you and my father and I? Where was it? Was it here in town?"

Her mother did not look at her. She kept twirling the glass. "Yes, it's in town."

Manda leaned across the table, her hands holding tight to its edges to keep them from trembling. "Let's go and see it. I want to see it."

"There are people living in it." "I don't care. We won't go in. I just want to see it."

She wanted to see the place where she had lived with her mother and father, when they had been a complete family. It would be something real to think about. She could say off-handedly to Julie, "We lived in the darlinest little place once—"

She couldn't eat. She kept putting her fork into the food and then, after a while, she gave up pretending and put the fork down and waited. Her mother didn't eat much either.

THEY WENT out and got on a streetcar. Her mother said, "It's way out past Lake Street—" But after Lake Street Manda began to look out of the window at the houses, thinking, perhaps it's like this one—or this one.

Continued on page 47

With a *Can* of Soup



by MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute



THE CONTENTS of a can of condensed cream soup can do much more than make a bowl of delicious soup. It can be used as an ingredient in countless dishes from an à la king sauce to a party fish mold.

For example, condensed cream soups make the smoothest sauce! Try cream of asparagus on eggs, chicken over broccoli, celery with carrots. Just heat the soup (with no extra liquid) in a double boiler, stirring until smooth.

Use them to moisten dressings for meat, fish or fowl. Cream of celery is good with fish, mushroom or tomato with flank steak or spareribs and mushroom or celery with roast chicken. You may not need a whole can—use just enough to moisten the bread crumbs. Serve the rest for lunch next day.

If you're in a party mood, spoon concentrated cream soup into tiny pastry shells and heat in the oven before serving. Or spread thinly on slices of buttered bread for toasted sandwich roll-ups.

For flavorful creamed potatoes, cook raw cubed potatoes in soup—chicken, mushroom or celery. Add an equal quantity of milk to the soup and simmer all together, stirring frequently, for about 35 minutes. (Use half a can of soup for four servings.) +



Wonderful party food—and inexpensive enough for any day in the week. Canned cream soups stretch and glamourize this gaily garnished salmon ring; add a smooth richness to our Quick Chicken à la king served in golden toast cups. (For recipes, see page 39)

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Take a Tip From the Institute

An electric teakettle is a very useful thing indeed. Any of the streamlined models will give boiling water in the twinkling of an eye (1 pint boils in approximately 3 minutes). Look for safety features such as automatic shut-off when the kettle goes dry, and steam-protector spout.

Handy prepared date filling is a boon for between-meal snacks—especially when crisp winter air produces hearty appetites. Just open the jar and use "as is" for cookie, tart, sandwich, cream pie and layer cake fillings.

Homemade bread is an all-round favorite. For best results be sure to *sprinkle* the fast-rising, dry granular yeast over lukewarm water, as recommended on the yeast package, and then proceed according to your recipe.

Synthetic straw whisks are very gay these days. They come in several sizes, are reasonably priced and the manufacturer claims they generate enough static electricity to attract the dust to them. Easy to keep clean too—just swish about in mild, lukewarm suds, rinse and dry away from heat. Handy and light for traveling, too.

A dusting cloth impregnated with wax makes short, efficient work of the daily dusting routine. It cleans and polishes as you rub up your furniture and woodwork. A larger cloth, packed in a tin can or a transparent envelope, is designed for the family car.

A cookbook packed with recipes of every kind, that's a culinary encyclopedia as well — what more practical lasting way to express your good wishes to daughter, mother or new bride? We've just discovered this colossal book—so completely illustrated with black and white "how-to-do" photos as well as mouth-watering pictures of food in color. It's the Encyclopedic Cookbook edited by Ruth Berolzheimer. Distributed in Canada by George J. McLeod Ltd., Toronto.

Fireplace convenience. Place enough coal to fit your firebox in a number of separate paper bags when the coalman delivers your coal. Store the bags in a spot that's handy to the fireplace if possible. Then set on top of the kindling, bag and all, and you'll have a fire without soiling your hands—and with very little trouble, too.

A set of fluted-glass breakfast dishes makes an attractive picture on a gay tablecloth. The dishes look like milk glass, are quite inexpensive and may be bought "by the piece" if you wish.

Be sure to get the most from a can of vegetables. There is precious food value in the vegetable liquid, so use every drop by serving it with the vegetables—simmer it down—or save it and add to soups or gravies. Try combining with vegetable juices for cocktails.

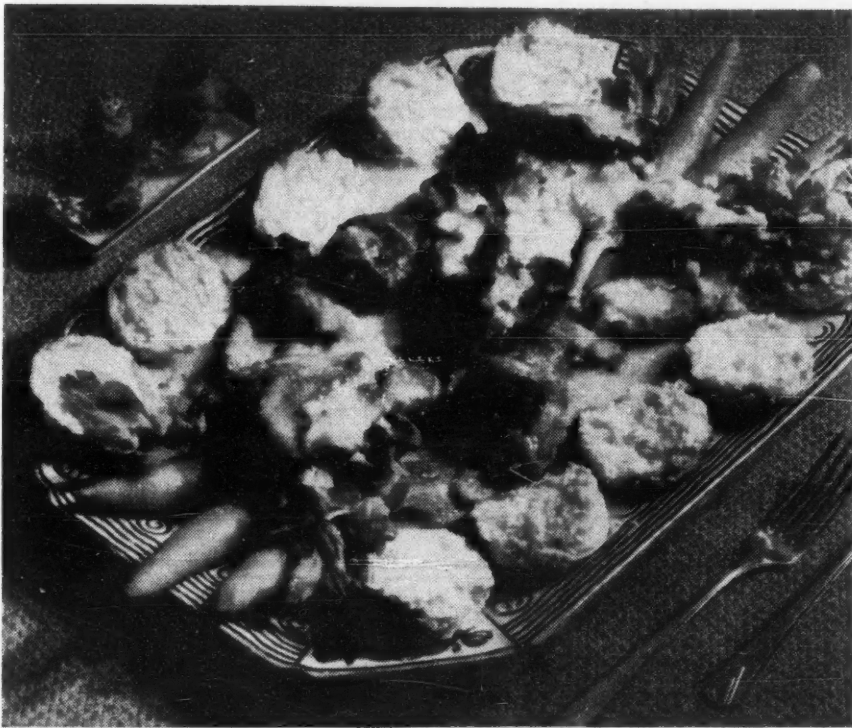
If a tuft of carpet sticks up above the surface like a sore thumb, don't yank it out—that may loosen more of the pile. Instead, clip it even with the surface, using a pair of sharp scissors.

Did you know that chemists have found that fruits and vegetables keep fresher and hang on to their vitamins longer when they are kept tightly wrapped in transparent, moisture-proof paper wrapping?

The Institute Features

Chicken Pot Pie

A little chicken goes much, much farther when you stretch it the Institute way. The golden-crust tea biscuits, tender carrots and rich-flavored cream gravy will make it a hit with your family too.



1 four- to five-pound boiling chicken
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt
1 large onion, chopped, if desired

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, if desired
Flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
Grating of nutmeg
Freshly baked tea biscuits

PREPARATION: Clean chicken and cut into small pieces for serving. Or have your butcher prepare it for you.

METHOD: Place chicken pieces in a large pot. Cover with cold water and add salt, pepper, celery salt, onion and chopped celery. Bring to the boiling point, then simmer slowly until tender— $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours.

While the chicken is simmering, prepare tea biscuits, using your favorite recipe or packaged biscuit mix. You'll need two cups of flour or mix with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of liquid to make a dozen biscuits. Make individual round biscuits, or roll the dough into a square, then cut into smaller squares for individual servings. About $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before the chicken is done, bake the tea biscuits.

When chicken is done, remove from liquid and keep hot in the warming oven. Or place in a tightly covered pot with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of chicken broth and set over a very low heat. Measure the liquid left and thicken with flour (using

3 tablespoons of flour to 2 cups liquid.) Blend flour into the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Gradually add to the chicken stock, stirring constantly until thickened. Bring to a boil and add nutmeg.

Split the freshly baked tea biscuits and place around edge of a warm platter. Put chicken pieces in the centre and cover with hot gravy. For color contrast garnish with chopped parsley, celery leaves or watercress. Place whole cooked carrots at each end of the platter. If the platter is a large one, serve all the vegetables on it, arranging them round the edge with the biscuits. Yield: 6 servings.

Pressure Cooker Method

When cooking the chicken in the pressure cooker, add only 2 cups of water and cook at 15 pounds pressure for 25 minutes. Allow pressure to go down to zero gradually. Otherwise, follow directions as given in the top-of-the-stove method. +

7 different ways to brighten meals with NEW FLEISCHMANN'S ROYAL Fast Rising Dry Yeast



● Crisp dinner rolls... spicy rich dessert breads—what a sparkling addition they are to any meal! And how the family loves them—so fragrant, so mm-m! delicious made with quick-acting Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast requires no refrigeration... stays full strength for weeks on your pantry shelf. You can always be sure of quick action... finer results in all baked goods. No waiting—no extra steps—Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast works fast—helps you turn out more delicious, finer textured baked goods in jig-time.

Get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast to-day, at your grocer's.



Keeps in the cupboard

Meals of the Month

JANUARY 1949

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SAT 1	Orange Juice Cereal Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Bologna Slices Tossed Salad Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Mustard Sauce Baked Potatoes Cabbage Fruit Cup Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
SUN 2	Grape Juice Cereal Jam Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Tomato Rarebit on Toast Celery and Carrot Sticks Half Grapefruit Sponge Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Apple Pie Cheese Tea
MON 3	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Pea Soup Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus Cuttings Celery Sticks Gingerbread à la mode Coffee Tea
TUE 4	Cereal with Dates Toasted Scones Syrup Coffee Tea	Creamed Leftover Meat on Hot Tea Biscuits Tossed Salad Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Veal Birds Mashed Potatoes Carrots Prune Whip Oatmeal Cookies Coffee Tea
WED 5	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Grilled Bacon Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Creamy Tapioca Pudding Tea Cocoa	Tamale Pie Chili Sauce Green Beans Coleslaw Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
THU 6	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Whole-wheat Bread Jelly Coffee Tea	Wieners in a Bun Prepared Mustard Celery and Carrot Sticks Sliced Oranges with Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Rolls Stuffed Flank Steak Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets Marmalade Steamed Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 7	Mixed Fruit Juices Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Coleslaw Baked Apple Tea Cocoa	Steamed Cod with Parsley Sauce Boiled Potatoes Scalloped Potatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 8	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Conserves Coffee Cocoa	Hamburgers Chili Sauce Celery Curls Maple Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Spinach Cranberry Shortcakes Coffee Tea
SUN 9	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Assorted Toasted Sandwiches Raw Relishes Ice Cream Chocolate Cake Tea Cocoa	Dressed Butt of Pork Applesauce Boiled Potatoes Peas Coconut Cream Pie Coffee Tea
MON 10	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Noodles and Curry Sauce Celery and Carrot Sticks Canned Plums Chocolate Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Roast Pork Mustard Pickles Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Steamed Fig Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 11	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Bran Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Cheese and Rice Casserole Coleslaw Pickles Fruit Cup Cinnamon Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Meat and Potato Casserole (using leftover meat) Diced Carrots and Turnips Buttered Beets Cherry Snow Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 12	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee Tea	Cream of Chicken Soup on Toast Tossed Salad Applesauce Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Bacon Raw Fried Potatoes Creamed Onions Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
THU 13	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Conserves Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Green Salad Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls in Mushroom Soup Sauce Parsley Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Ginger Tapioca Coffee Tea
FRI 14	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Oven-baked Beans Ketchup Brown Bread Diced Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Celery Sauce French Fried Potatoes Peas Carrot Sticks Custard Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 15	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Cocoa	Canned Meat in Scalloped Potatoes Tossed Salad Jellied Fruits Tea Cocoa	Pigs in Blankets Chili Sauce Turnip Green Beans Baked Apple Coffee Tea
SUN 16	Sliced Oranges Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Salad Plate (Cold Meat, Potato Chips, Tomato Jelly Mold, Celery, Pickle) Spanish Cream Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Shortrib Roast of Beef Roast Potatoes and Carrots Mustard Pickle Raisin Pie à la mode Coffee Tea
MON 17	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soufflé Governor Sauce Brown Bread Lemon Snow Pudding Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Browned Potatoes Steamed Squash Tossed Salad Butter Tarts Coffee Tea
TUE 18	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Conserves Coffee Tea	Spaghetti and Cheese Raw Relishes Bread Sticks Jellied Fruit Chocolate Chip Cookies Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew (leftover meat) Onions, Carrots, Potatoes Canned Peaches Cup Cakes Coffee Tea
WED 19	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Tomato Soup Peanut Butter Sandwiches Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Baked Apple Tea Cocoa	Savory Stuffed Heart Parsley Potatoes Buttered Spinach Pumpkin Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
THU 20	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Creamed Asparagus Cuttings on Toast Bread and Butter Pickles Fresh Fruit Cup Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Spareribs Boiled Potatoes Sauerkraut Green Salad Creamy Rice Custard Coffee Tea

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 21	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee Tea	Rice and Tomato Casserole Celery Sticks Bananas Baked in Lemon Juice with Coconut Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Trifle (using leftover sponge cake) Coffee Tea
SAT 22	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toasted Scones Conserves Coffee Tea	Hot Potato Salad in Bologna Cups Tossed Salad Vanilla Soufflé Tea Cocoa	Boiled Brisket Chili Sauce Parsleyed Turnip Creamed Celery Apple Pie and Cheese Coffee Tea
SUN 23	Half Grapefruit Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Plate Potato Chips Tomato Jelly Mold Celery and Carrot Curls Ice Cream and Cake Tea Cocoa	Chicken Pot Pie with Tea Biscuits Whole Carrots Boiled Onions Quick Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea
MON 24	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed (leftover) Chicken on Toast Points Tossed Salad Lemon Jelly Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf with Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Peas Cherry Shortcake Coffee Tea
TUE 25	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Corn Fritters and Wieners Green Tomato Pickle Canned Fruit Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Individual Cup Custards Coffee Tea
WED 26	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Lettuce and Canned Meat Sandwiches Celery and Pickles Milk Sherbet Spice Cake (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Beefsteak Pie Parsley Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Date Cream Pie Coffee Tea
THU 27	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Boston Roast Mustard Pickle Brown Bread Sliced Bananas and Oranges in Custard Tea Cocoa	Pork Chops with Dressing Mashed Potatoes Corn Tossed Salad Apple Betty Coffee Tea
FRI 28	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Scones Jelly Coffee Tea	Green Pea Soup Peanut Butter and Carrot Sandwiches Broiled Half Grapefruit with Honey Tea Cocoa	Boiled Codfish Egg Sauce Potatoes Peas Cranberry or Cherry Tart Coffee Tea
SAT 29	Orange Juice Cereal Hot Corn Muffins Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Tomato and Cheese Fondue Cabbage Salad Brown Rolls Jellied Prunes Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf with Onion Gravy Baked Potatoes Green Beans Holiday Apple Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 30	Half Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Bacon Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	French Toast Maple Syrup Celery Curls Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Rolls Stuffed Flank Steak Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
MON 31	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Flank Steak (leftover) Scalloped Potatoes Sliced Oranges Cookies Tea Cocoa	Country-style Sausage Kernel Corn Whipped Squash Coleslaw Cherry Cobbler Coffee Tea

About Meals of the Month

MENUS

IT'S A good idea to clip the recipes from Chatelaine each month, both from articles and "Meals of the Month" recipe columns. They will help you in planning your meals, and we shall refer to some of these recipes again and again in "Meals of the Month."

CHATELAINÉ INSTITUTE also has two leaflets which will be particularly helpful to you in following "Meals of the Month" and in planning your own menus. These recipes are economical and practical and we will be using them from time to time on our menu page.

TO OBTAIN these leaflets, write to Chatelaine Bulletin Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario. Ask for "Supper Dishes," bulletin No. 2209, and "With a Little Meat," bulletin No. 2208. The price is 15c for each bulletin.

With a Can of Soup Recipes

Continued from page 35

Salmon Celery Mold

- ½-pound tin salmon
- 2 cups cooked rice (¾ cup raw)
- 1 can condensed celery soup
- 1 egg
- Salt and pepper

METHOD: Flake salmon and add to cooked rice, blending in well. Gradually add celery soup. Add beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Combine well and turn into an oiled ring mold. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 45 to 50 minutes. Unmold, fill centre with peas and garnish with hard-cooked egg halves and lemon slices. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Quick Chicken a la King

- 1 cup thick white sauce
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can diced chicken
- ¼ cup blanched, toasted almonds
- 6 toast cups

METHOD: Blend white sauce and the 2 cans of soup, and heat through. Place 2 or 3 tablespoons of mixture in each toast cup and sprinkle with toasted almonds. Add a little milk or cream if a thinner sauce is preferred. Serve in toast cups or on tea biscuits. Yield: 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Note: Veal, ham or canned meat may be substituted for the chicken.

Cabbage & Bacon in Tomato Sauce

Boil 6 cups coarsely shredded cabbage for 7 minutes. Fry 6 to 8 slices chopped bacon until crisp, drain, add 1 can condensed tomato soup and heat thoroughly. Drain cabbage and combine with soup mixture. Serve hot, with grated cheese. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Supper Casserole

Boil 3 or 4 ounces noodles in salted water until tender (about 10 minutes). Drain well. Fry 4 strips of chopped bacon until crisp. Combine noodles, bacon and 1 can condensed mushroom soup in a greased casserole. Top with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Yield: 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Sausage-Potato Casserole

Brown ¾ pound sausages in heavy frying pan. Remove from pan, pour off excess fat and lightly brown 2 to 3 sliced onions. Cut sausages into one-inch pieces, reserving 3 or 4 whole ones. Place 2 cups cooked, cubed potatoes, 3 cups leftover or canned vegetables and sausages in layers in a greased casserole. Pour over this 1 can condensed tomato soup. Arrange whole sausages on top. Cover casserole and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Cover may be removed for last 5 minutes to brown top. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Meals of the Month Recipes

Boston Roast

- 1 cup baked beans
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon butter
- Salt, pepper and paprika
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- ¼ cup buttered bread crumbs

METHOD: Mash the beans with a fork or put through a coarse sieve. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the chopped onions, and cook until golden brown. Add with the seasonings and eggs to the bean pulp, blending well. Add the ½ cup of bread crumbs and pack lightly into a greased baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes or until browned on top. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Vegetable Souffle

- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, if desired
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons minute tapioca
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup finely cut celery
- 1 cup milk
- ½ cup cooked peas
- ½ cup cooked diced carrots
- 3 eggs, separated

METHOD: Sauté onion and green pepper, if used, in butter in saucepan until tender but not browned. Add

minute tapioca, salt, pepper, celery and milk. Place over medium heat and cook until mixture comes to a full boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add peas and carrots. Cool slightly. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored; beat whites until they form stiff, glossy peaks. Add egg yolks to cooled mixture and mix well. Add very gradually to the egg whites, folding in thoroughly.

Turn into greased 2-quart baking dish. Place in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) one hour, or until soufflé is firm. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Hot Potato Salad in Bologna Cups

- ½ cup chopped onion
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- ¼ cup bacon or sausage dripping
- ¼ cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 4 cups hot cooked potatoes, diced
- 4 slices bologna

METHOD: Cook onion and green pepper lightly in the dripping. Add vinegar, salt, pepper and sugar. Heat, then add a little of the mixture to the beaten egg. Pour back into pan and blend well. Add hot diced potatoes, mix lightly and serve in bologna cups made by heating bologna slices in frying pan until the edges curl. Yield: 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

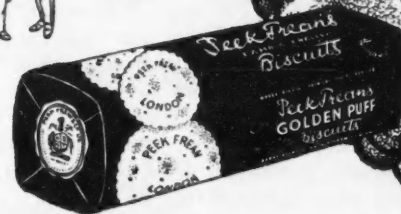
Five-Minute Shortcake

IN ANY SEASON made with your favourite fruit and PEEK FREAN'S GOLDEN PUFFS

These BIG, light, unsweetened biscuits of flaky pastry character enable you to make shortcake desserts in a few minutes. Use fresh or canned peaches—strawberries—sliced bananas—any fruit you prefer... place between two GOLDEN PUFFS; some fruit on top and a "dab" of whipped cream. In "Evercrisp" moisture-proof—air-tight packets.



"It's nice to be back in Canada, MR. PEEK."
"And so cordially welcomed, MR. FREAN."



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MAKERS OF
Famous ENGLISH Biscuits



I Hated to take Harsh Laxatives

It seemed I had to take something! Yet I knew that harsh laxatives irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition. What should I do? . . .

Then I learned about Lemon in Water

You may not believe it till you try it, but it's a fact. . . . If you take the juice of a fresh lemon in a glass of water when you first get up in the morning, harsh laxatives are almost never necessary. Most people find that this natural fruit drink insures prompt normal elimination day after day!



—it's healthful!

I found that lemon in water isn't a purgative. It's just a healthful drink that helps my system regulate itself. It gives best results when taken every day. It isn't too sharp or sour, either—just tangy enough to be refreshing. Clears your mouth, wakes you up! Why take harsh laxatives when lemon in water is good for you?



NO FRUIT MORE HEALTHFUL THAN LEMONS!

Generations of Canadians have taken lemons for health. . . . they're among the richest sources of vitamin C, help prevent colds, alkalize and aid digestion. Over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health. Try lemon in water yourself! Give it time to establish regularity for you.



Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON in WATER
...first thing on arising

Spiritualism

Continued from page 13

After going on to the next article he returned to this woman with an implied rebuke . . . "The vibrations tell me you have been to many mediums seeking messages from Tom and no message has ever come . . . is it so?"

The woman agreed that it was so. I learned later that her son, a RCAF gunner, was on the casualty list as "Missing, presumed dead."

A Spirit Named Will

The next item, a handkerchief, brought this message: "The vibration puts me in touch with a spirit named Will. He was always fussy about the name Will. It must not be William or Willie or Bill. Always Will. Does this make sense to you?"

A woman with black hair waved an uncertain hand. She wore a red suit and was clearly puzzled to the point of alarm.

"Will was your brother . . . is it so?"

The woman nodded. At that moment she was quite beyond speech.

"You have never before been to a seance. Will was your favorite brother; about your own age. He passed on of an ailment here. (The medium rubbed his throat.) His vibration says you are hesitant and worried about a financial deal. He tells you to go ahead. Do not fear. It will turn out well."

The woman in red feebly raised her hand again. "You have a question?" "The others," she said. "The others in the family. Can I persuade them it is for the best?"

"I do not know. I only know what the message says. The message says all will be well."

It went on that way, with apparent accuracy and with certain agreement on the part of all the women until 10 had been given their message.

By now the man beside me was snoring gently and several dirty looks were cast his way. The 10 women who'd received their messages were told that they were free to go, but all remained in fascination, so the medium went on.

From the envelope came a badge which looked like a policeman's shield.

"The vibration brings me three messages. One comes from a little girl. It is from a little girl to whom you told stories . . . do you understand me?"

"No bloody fear."

The words electrified the room and everyone looked at a tall dark-haired youth. He was so tall that his legs stretched well into the aisle.

"You are asked to be patient. Yes, very patient. It is trying because things have been going badly with you these many weeks . . ."

"Bloody right; been going badly with me for months, that's what."

"They will come out well . . . and soon . . . but not in this city. You are already planning to move . . . is it so?"

"No," shouted the youth.

"Yes, it is so," said the medium. "I feel more. Your trouble is with a union. Yes, a labor union. This is the cause of it all."

As if stung the tall youth leaped to his feet, cursed his union with experienced profanity and stalked out of the building. Two minutes later he sheepishly returned to get the badge he'd left. Then

he sat down again and remained, in silence, to the end of the evening.

After three more women had been given brief messages with which they rapturously agreed the mediums changed.

As though too tired to continue, the handsome man summoned a much younger helper and he chose to go over some of the ground already covered.

Finally my knife was drawn from its envelope and studied. In spite of myself I was tingling down the spine wondering what might come out.

After what seemed to be a long delay the medium said, "You, my friend, have come here with a heart of bitterness. You seek revenge. Plans of years have been upset. You thought you were getting along well; very, very well. But the very legs were cut from under you."

"Now you wish the spirits to tell you how to avenge yourself. Do you understand me? Does this make sense to you?"

"I'm sorry. It does not."

"Is it not true that plans and hopes have been dashed by others?"

"No, sir; it is not so."

Waving the knife at me, the medium said, "Oh, you want it—straight, eh? Straight from the shoulder, eh? And you can take it?"

"Eagerly."

"Do you know that people consider you crazy? Insane? Do you know how many consider you to be mad?"

"None up to the point of my arrival here."

"They do; many do. Many consider you crazy. That is why your plans failed. Have you questions?"

"Yes, please, I have . . . who brings me this message?"

The medium squeezed and examined the knife, then put himself right over the brink. "It is from Ted. From your little boy Ted. Ted is wondering about you. Ted is disappointed in you."

"I never had a son or a relative or even a friend named Ted."

"Yes . . . the message tells me. Ted is his name. He was 11. He died. He died of spinal meningitis."

The medium turned to other articles from other enraptured listeners and the seance went on. After my abortive session there was a slight change. From that point forward there was no longer complete agreement with what he said by those in the congregation, and one or two women explained as I had done that no part of their message made sense to them.

But there were numerous other mediums and my curiosity was now sufficiently alert to send me into many queer places.

The next was a group of three manifestation mediums, a birdlike and talka-

tive girl, a lugubrious boy of 12 and a man of powerful voice and build.

All seemed eager to talk and when I mentioned that I was writing an article this didn't dampen their anticipation or co-operation, and they were not inquisitive. Nobody asked where it would be printed, or when.

More Mediums in Big Cities

I was told by the powerful man that Canada had about 110,000 spiritualists and 350 mediums with the bulk of both in the bigger cities. Toronto has the most, with Vancouver second and Montreal, among the major centres, a bad last.

Churches or meeting places boast such names as Tribune of Light, Vision of Heaven, Esoteric School of Cosmic Science, Home of the Metaphysic Master, Church of the Infinite Science, Temple of Wisdom, Church of the Prophetic Revelation and so on.

Two thirds of the mediums and four fifths of the adherents are women, mostly in their middle years, and there are roughly 750 Canadian public seances in an average week. The number of private readings is countless and doubtless also costly.

These include healing seances at which persons suffering such serious disease as cancer, tuberculosis and arthritis are supposed to get at least temporary relief.

Each medium is in touch with one to five spirits who in turn has a team of seven or more. This means that, day or night, the psychic instrument here on earth has about 30 to 40 people to call on for help.

No Union Hours for Spirits

There are no union hours in the spirit world and even the Manchurian mystics obligingly speak English.

Trade papers catering to mediums advertise everything from the old-fashioned ouija board to extrasensory cards, crystals for self-hypnotism, incense and double-action slates to planchettes. A planchette, it's explained, is for you or me to hold palaver with the spirits without the intervention of a medium or other psychic.

This advertising is labeled, not without significance, "No C.O.D. orders accepted; send cash with order."

Editorial matter in the American spiritual press deals largely with the biographies and achievements of American mediums.

British papers prefer stories on the actual revelations and some of these are mystifying.

For example on Aug. 18 a Newcastle medium told Psychic News of London that he was in touch with the spirit of a

Nigerian chief who could only speak in Yoruba, one of the West African languages. The medium said this was fair ground for a test. He, the medium, knew no word of Yoruba, but three days hence, if the spirit agreed, he'd give a 40-minute talk in that tongue. He therefore urged that former West African officials who were now in Britain's Colonial office come to hear him and report on whether or not his words made sense.

Two former resident magistrates, together with an observer for the Society of Psychic Research—a society supposedly composed of sceptics—did attend the seance. They afterward declared in print that the medium had spoken clear intelligent and sensible Yoruba yet, out of the trance state, he knew no word of that tongue.

The same issue of the same paper carried advertising for rupture cures, electric belts, worried females, concentrated meals, contraceptives, and home study courses in success.

The late movie star, Leslie Howard, had a gossip column from the after-world in which many folks whose names you know seemed to be having great fun.

My informant was one in the highest group, the aristocracy of earthly contacts, capable of bringing the spirits into the room where casuals like me could hear and possibly see them.

That's what he said.

His best friends in the spirit world were a pair of Indians named Sagamo and Buckshot, plus an Irish sailor who'd been drowned in 1769.

He was also allied with a living 12-year-old boy whose spirit guide was a tough Indian inclined to throw things.

This talk was held in a bright kitchen as the afternoon sun streamed through a window. For the actual manifestation we descended into a catacomb fitted out with red, white and purple lights, blackboards, tables, musical instruments, speaking trumpets, glasses of water and a bed, which looked out of place.

It was explained that the lady medium used this to practice physical therapy.

"We'll now see if the spirits are with us," said the chairman. "Are you there, Sagamo? You, Buckshot . . . are you with us?"

Nothing happened.

"Spirits reveal yourselves."

Still nothing.

"It's this red light. They want darkness. They shall have it." The switch was pulled and as we sat in total blackness there came thumpings. To me it was clear these were made by the others in the room. In fact I felt defrauded. If this was manifestation it was an insult to anyone with an above pinhead I.Q.

"We have a new visitor today," purred the medium. "Do you recognize him?"

There was a scratching sound as though something was being written on a paper and when permission was given the lights showed the name "Gordon C" in blue pencil.

It seemed so obvious that the boy had written this that I didn't bother to ask, so the lights were doused again. This time the pencil scratching was loud.

In writing quite different from what had gone before—in a black pencil this time—was the message "Gordon to keep this . . . we like him."

Continued on page 42

Rich on \$40 a Week?

That's how it is with Bill and Marie Menzies, the young Hamilton veteran and his wife who are buying their own home and bringing up two children—and making life a gay and happy adventure. You'll warm to this fine human story in

FEBRUARY CHATELAIN

OVER 8,000 HOUSEHOLD HINTS IN ONE PRICELESS BOOK



A REVOLUTIONARY GUIDE BOOK



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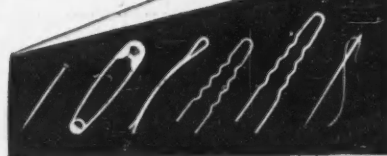
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Continued from page 40

It was something a bit less intelligent than kindergarten, but perhaps my disillusioned thought had been read. When the lights were again doused I was hit across the face and neck by flying water. I didn't cry out or make a move. This caused momentary confusion, so I was asked, "Didn't something hit you . . . something like water?"

"Yes, it did."

"That Big Star. He's a rough one."

"Well if Big Star can hear me I'd like to be told what is the idea of all this. What does this prove?"

"The spirits are in this very room. We have brought them here."

"You mean this thumping and writing is not done by you or the boy?"

"It is done by the spirits."

"For what purpose?"

"It is a manifestation."

I was disgusted. Any fleabitten magician on the leaky roof circuit could have given a more realistic manifestation of spirit activity. When I expressed these regrets I was told that I was of little faith and therefore could not understand. "But," agreed the medium, "it was a rather poor day."

Two days later I attended a thought seance at which the medium was a brisk and businesslike dowager type full of bosom, deep of voice and bright of eye.

This seance began with a spirit lecture in which a Hindoo maiden of the after-world, using the admirable body and voice of a Canadian, spoke of astral flight; levital buoyancy and a shadowy Elysium. It was too much mumbo-jumbo for me to follow, but the audience of 72 persons seemed to have a reasonable grasp of the score.

A Message From Grandfather

I was roused from amused toleration of this scene when the medium said, "I've a message for Gordie. It is from a man; a bearded man who is bald. It is his Scotch grandfather and he reminds Gordie that this is the anniversary . . . the anniversary of his passing over. His name is John . . . It is John Sinclair."

My grandfather was indeed John Sinclair, he did have a beard and he had died during that very week about 20 years earlier. Every word of the quickly spoken message impressed me so deeply that it's no trick to put it down now so here it is.

"The spirit tells me that one who was very dear to you is standing close by. It is a beautiful girl of 11. Hers was a four-letter name; Jane perhaps or Jean. She died of an ailment here (the medium touched the lower chest). She died at Christmas. I see a bell. It is a Christmas bell and the spirit was doing something with that bell at the time of her death. This spirit is your daughter, but she does not look like you. The most striking feature is her eyes. They are very bright and brown. She says, 'Daddy, don't worry about Jack. He is a good boy and I will always look after him.' And there is another part of the message.

"It says that you are a writer and you should change your hours of sleeping so that you can write between two and three in the morning and if you do this you will one day do some great writing because what you write now does not satisfy you. And now there is still another person in the spirit and this is again a man named John, but he is

not a Sinclair. He is your mother's brother John and he was a rich man, but the only message he has is to say that riches is not very important and you put too much importance on money."

But They Can't Pay the Rent

The facts are that Jean *did* resemble her mother and did die at Christmas, a few hours after helping to hang the Christmas decorations.

Her younger brother Jack is a bit of a problem, having got into more trouble than average. John Eesley, an uncle, had indeed been a wealthy man and it could reasonably be said that I am a close student of a dollar bill.

Since I'm well known in my home town the facts concerning Jean could have been known to the medium without spiritual help. But to bring in an Uncle John who was rich and a Grandfather John who was bearded and had died at the date of our meeting was either the greatest of coincidence or perhaps it really was a psychic revelation.

If so, then this and all other mediums I met were failing to put their gifts to economic use. None showed signs of prosperity and two admitted they were soon to lose their churches because rents had been raised beyond their capacity to pay.

Puzzled on this point, as on most of the others, I approached the thought-medium at her home. It was a small but neat semidetached building on a tree-lined street and I was admitted by a curly-headed lad of 16 or so, who then vanished.

He'd barely gone when a wall telephone began to ring and it rang with such imperative insistence that I, a stranger in the place, felt forced to answer it.

"This is Laura Secord," said a feminine voice, "would you like to start tomorrow?"

Feeling this was part of a spooky gag in a medium's home I said sure and I'd bring my pal Gandhi along.

It turned out to be a lame answer because someone at that phone number had enquired about a job in the Laura Secord Candy Shops and here was opportunity ringing the bell while I stood by to muddle things up.

When the medium appeared I told her with less conviction than I really felt that her message had excited me. She said she didn't know what I was talking about because she was in a trance and remembered nothing.

I told her I'd been at a recent seance where Indians with the improbable names of Grey Moose and Hardy Wolf had supposedly entered the room and had then been hesitantly questioned about present-day stock and bond transactions.

"It could be quite simple. There are great financiers in the spirit world . . . John D. Rockefeller; J. Pierpont Morgan, Hetty Green, Benjamin Disraeli, Sir Herbert Holt."

"Do any of these manifest themselves at your meetings?"

"No, but they are available. They might give advice to the spirit guide."

"Would it be courteous to ask what your personal income is?"

"It is fifty dollars a month and I work very hard for it. I want to repeat

Continued on page 52

Calls Favourite Hand Lotion "C.I.B."



FROSIA GREGORY the popular soloist, is heard across Canada on many CBC programs. This talented girl is also a favourite around the studios for her sense of humour. It was Miss Gregory who originated "C.I.B." as the slang term for her favourite hand lotion, Campana's Italian Balm. "Nothing is better than C.I.B.," says Frosia Gregory, "for keeping hands soft and free from roughness and chapping. I use it all the time."

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Make Them Whistle *while you work!*

by Adele White & Mildred Spicer
Beauty Editor Fashion Editor

You're a homemaker, a jill of all trades. And it's *also* up to you to set the stage for happy family life. Picture yourself in a crisp, sunny frock, giving your family a send-off with an *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning*, look in their eyes. Housework won't seem nearly so dull if you dress for the occasion. So, here's looking at you — all through the day!

SEVEN A.M.—the alarm clock brrs and the family rush hour begins.

There's no time to prink and fuss, with breakfast to be cooked and children to be bundled off to school. And yet, so much depends on *you* whether early morning is a mad scramble or one of the pleasantest times of the day. If you are looking neat and pretty in a crisp housedress, a saucy bow in your hair, powder on your nose and color on your lips, it will help offset the dreariest of winter a.m.'s and give husband and youngsters a cheery send-off.



T. Eaton Co.

You'll be pretty as a picture in this early-morning special—a flower-garden cotton frock with double flounced skirt. It can be laundered almost as easily as you wash and iron an apron.

READY FOR ACTION. For this rush hour with no wasted minutes, it's a good idea to have several wash dresses lined up in your cupboard. They should be as carefully chosen for style and smoothness of line as your Sunday-best—but not a quarter of the cost, of course.

If you shop around you'll find a good selection, under \$5; well cut and flattering to your figure. You can, for example, look gypsy-bright in a flower garden cotton (as shown in photograph on the left) or a full dirndl skirt with a trim white blouse. If you have nimble needle fingers, try your hand at making yourself a perky cotton with apron to match. If you're the type to wear slacks becomingly and you like to take your housework in a sporting sort of way, then note the plaid slacks and shirtwaist shown on the right. We chose plaid because they don't show the wrinkles the way plain ones do. Then for really tough jobs like spring housecleaning, how about a pair of cute blue jeans? If it feels more comfortable, then wear your hair in pigtails and your shirt-tail out. Oh, we know it's passe for the teen-age set, but who cares if it gives your spirits a lift when you're pushing furniture around and waxing floors? But if you've reached an age when cuteness is no longer a virtue, and if perhaps you are a little on the plump side, better skip slacks and jeans and go in for golfer-type wash dresses, with slimming verticle lines and big handy pockets. Also take time each morning to slip into a girdle. When you're doing your chores, both back and tummy muscles need support. There are garments designed especially for working hours, ones that allow ease of movement without strain on garters or



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When you have to face up to an overflowing sewing basket . . . an afternoon of sock mending and darning, feel sporty about the whole thing in smart plaid slacks topped by a tailored shirt with sleeves rolled up for work.

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shoulder straps, girdles that are soft and flexible without being heavy.

TURBAN TRICKS: When the last tot has found its mittens and scampered off to school you'll have a little time to yourself, enough to set your hair in pincurls, if you do it at home, so you won't have to sleep on bumpy curlers. Cover this nest of bobby pins with a gay turban. It will serve two purposes, keep your hair out of your eyes as you work, and give you a slick hair-do for later in the day. Also, if you go shopping, the turban can serve as an eye-catching headpiece. Speaking of shopping—don't join that army of earnest female shoppers who wear not a smitch of make-up on their morning faces and look as drab as yesterday's porridge. Do give the butcher and the grocer a break by doing some face-fixing before you leave home!

EVENING AT HOME: Darkness falls—the children are settled for the night and now is the time to change from slave to lady of the house. If you're in a party mood and guests are coming for dinner, there'll probably be last-minute chores. In that case choose a short-sleeved crepe or light wool dress topped by the frilliest, prettiest apron you can find. Or you can wear a skirt with swirling fullness, made of taffeta, velveteen or swishing faille. Top this with a dainty blouse and you are ready to play the role of hostess.

For times when you plan a cosy evening at home—just you two—the way you look to him is your first concern. If possible, take time off, while dinner is cooking, to have a relaxing warm bath followed by a toilet water rub-down. And, don't forget a cream deodorant for underarms and to smooth on tired feet. Also use the cream deodorant for obliterating onion or fishy smells on your hands and you can make them lily-white in spite of vegetable peeling if you use a nicotine stain remover and a once-over lightly with pumice. Remember, it's all these little things that count—a last-minute freshening of make-up, a dab of perfume, and your hair combed and brushed into a shining halo.

What to wear for an evening at home? We think you'll look mighty beguiling in a long sweeping hostess gown cut on slender princess lines, or a flowering taffeta tapering into a swirl of folds, with deep plunging pockets. Lounging pyjamas are back in full fashion swing—with tiny cap sleeves or long tight ones. Some are made with high mandarin collars, while others have notched, sporty ones.

If you want something you can wear several different ways, buy or knit yourself a sleeveless bouclé sweater in bright pastel shade. You can wear it with dark velveteen trousers, or a full-length skirt.

You're a smart girl if you make yourself just as attractive when you're settling in for a fireside chat as you do when you're stepping out to a party. Because that man you're married to pays more attention to how you look than you imagine. And evening-at-home clothes that are smart, yet comfortable, and in soft becoming colors will put a sparkle in your eye... and in his too. ✦



Rose Marie Reid

Relax in lounging pyjamas for your evenings at home. They combine rich metallic striped taffeta with slim black bengaline trousers. The coat flares gracefully with circular panels.



Last-minute brush-up before a dinner date at your house. And to cope with the roast in the oven you wear a frilly apron, the kind that shows off in front of company over a short-sleeved afternoon dress and your prettiest ankle-slimming pumps.

You'll look tall and slim in this housecoat with its princess lines. Made of shiny and dull striped fabric, it looks rich and smart and yet is practical. It launders well . . . and that's for you!

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It's a Date



Simplicity 2710
BLOUSE 2712



Simplicity BLOUSE 2583 SKIRT 2609



Simplicity
2711



Simplicity 2695

Bet when you see these teen-preferred patterns you'll organize a one-woman sewing circle and date yourself up to play seamstress.

No. 2710 How's your fashion sense? Let's test it with a weskit. Like it? You go to the head of the class. Everybody's wearing them, so get in the groove with scissors, thread and wool tones that flatter any of your skirts. You'll note that buttons give it a clever double-breasted effect. The skirt is a honey in your favorite darker shades and the pleats on either side of the front and back seams give it a modified fullness combined with a smooth-across-the-tummy look.

Blouse No. 2712 is the kind you like for school. You guessed it. Buttons down the front—also has a convertible collar. (That means it can be worn close to the throat with your favorite scatter pin or open, lapel fashion.)

Who's having a party? No. 2695 is your answer to "what'll I wear." The ribbon trim and bow have a partylike air as well as accenting the bodice which joins the flared skirt by a shaped yoke.

Two in one. This one has the manners of a dress and the ways of a skirt 'n' blouse. The blouse, No. 2583, is front

buttoning and features a flattering yoke trimmed with ruffling.

The skirt, No. 2609, is cut in four sections giving it a softly flared appearance complemented by an appliquéd ruffle at the lower edge.

We've got news for you! Simplicity dreamed up this perfect answer to the two-way outfit that's versatile enough to go most anywhere. The skirt, No. 2711, is seamed down the centre front and trimmed with flaps. The front buttoning bolero is styled with you in mind. It has a Peter Pan collar (to knot your pearls under) and cuffed three-quarter-length sleeves.

See page 55 for pattern descriptions and details for ordering.

The Heritage

Continued from page 34

They got off finally and went one block over and down. Manda's mother said, "It's the one at the end, on the corner lot." There was something about her voice that made Manda look at her. She was very pale. And then Manda forgot about her mother because they were nearing the house.

It was a low white house, knee-deep in snow. There were green shutters with a thin quarter moon carved in each one of them. A tendril of smoke curled from the fireplace chimney that rose from what must have been the end of the living room. Grouped about the stoop were fat little fir trees, and all around the lot ran a short white picket fence, its points thrust through the drifts.

It wasn't as pretentious a house as Julie's, but it had been *hers*! She had lived in it. She had learned to walk in those rooms, and she had pushed aside curtains to look out of those windows, and at night she had slept, safe and secure, within its walls.

All of the trembling excitement congealed within her into a tight hard knot of resentment. She felt a vast sense of loss, of deprivation.

She turned. Her mother was standing there in the snow looking at the house. Looking at it with loneliness and bleakness darkening her eyes.

And Manda thought, bitterly, "She's lonely too. She misses the house, and it probably hurts her to see other people living in it now. Well, it's her fault."

She turned away from her mother. She began to kick at the little ridges of snow formed by the snowplow at the corner. It was going to be worse than ever now. Now she knew what she had had. If only she could get away from her mother. If only she could get back to school.

Her mother said, "Manda."

She didn't answer. She kept her eyes on the snow.

"I've got to tell you something, Manda. I never thought I'd have to. But I lied to you, and now I've got to tell you."

Manda lifted her head passionately. A lie! Did she have to make it worse?

Her mother said, "They are looking at us out of the window. We'd better walk on."

They crossed the street, and went on down toward the car line. Manda said, "I wish you wouldn't talk about it. I don't want to hear anything."

But her mother said, "I've got to try to explain, Manda. I lied to you about your father. I wanted you to think he was a wonderful man, someone you'd be proud of. So I made up a story. I told you he was handsome and charming and tender and good. He was none of those things, Manda. At first he was a little of all of them or I could not have married him. And I told you that I left him. I did not want you to feel that your father thought so little of you—of me—that he would leave us. But he did, Manda. He left us. You were not quite two. He liked to go out nights to parties and night clubs and he wanted me to go with him. When I could not go every night—I couldn't leave you—he started going with other women. After a while it got

to be just one woman. And then he told me he wanted a divorce so he could marry her."

Her mother kept on walking, her head bent. But Manda pulled at her sleeve angrily. "Why did you lie to me? Why did you let me think a lie all these years? Why? Why? Why?"

Her mother reached up and pulled the little brown collar closer around her throat. She said, slowly, "I wanted you to have a heritage. I wanted to give you pride. I wanted you to think all your life that you had a wonderful father. That's why I told you he was a naval officer. He isn't. I didn't want you ever to know he didn't want us—"

Manda stared at her mother until the image was dissolved in a grey blur of tears. She turned then, and began to run, sobbing, down the street. The sobs kept coming up in her throat, tearing at her, and she could not see where she was going. She slipped and fell, but she scrambled to her feet and ran on, and still the sobs kept rising and blotting out the breath in her throat.

After a while she stopped running and began to walk. She turned, not caring where she went or how far. Her mother was not in sight. The sobs had turned into hoarse gasps now, and she knew people looked at her curiously when she passed them, but she didn't care.

Finally she became conscious of the cold, working up her legs through her galoshes. She was cold all the way through. Only her hands in the white fur mittens were warm. She looked at the mittens. Her mother had given them to her. As she had given her all the little presents in the dresser drawer and red candles at Christmas and tuition for school and subgum. Even the best of the subgum, the almonds and the little strips of chicken. And there had been love. But, like the mittens, she hadn't wanted love either.

It was odd. She could think of her father and it didn't seem to matter that he wasn't a naval officer or that he wasn't any of the things she had thought for so long. At first she could not bear it and that was one of the reasons she had cried. But only one of the reasons. Now it didn't matter.

She kept thinking of her mother, remembering the loneliness in her eyes when she looked at the house. She had been cold. The little brown collar of her coat was no protection at all from the wind. And she had no fur mittens to keep her hands warm. Nothing to wear—or remember—to keep her warm.

Manda turned. She began to walk quickly, lightly. After a while she saw her mother ahead, standing at a car stop. A red streetcar grated to a stop and the gates opened, but her mother did not get on. The streetcar went on, and her mother stood there, waiting.

She looked up and she saw Manda coming toward her. She stood very still, anxiety and dread in her eyes.

Manda felt tears hot in her eyes, and she brushed them away with the backs of the fur mittens. When she reached her mother she was smiling. And when she saw the fear begin to leave her mother's face, her heart swelled with pity and tenderness. She put her hand through her mother's arm.

"Come on," she said gently, "let's go home."

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Hollywood Designs for the Teens



Schooled to Fashion is lovely Donna Reed, young MGM star, who illustrates the smart but simple high crowd classics designed by Hollywood's Helen Rose. Above, a slim-hipped flared skirt of brown corduroy with convertible-collar blouse of brown rayon. Right, a rust jumper with gold-coin buttons, fresh white blouse.

Helen Rose plans the clothes of the loveliest young stars in pictures. So we asked her if she had any valuable tips for Canadian teen-agers about how to dress. "Plenty," she said. "Mostly how not to." You'll see what she means.

by KATE HOLLIDAY



WHY ON EARTH do so many girls from 14 to 20 want to change their type? They can't, actually. They can't grow four or five inches, or shrink the same amount. They can't turn into dark sirens if they're fresh-faced blondes. They can't add sophistication by wearing clothes 10 years too old for them when they're at one of the loveliest ages in the world. *But they can develop their own style properly.*

These words of deep wisdom are from Helen Rose, the talented Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer designer, whose work on pictures like "A Date With Judy," "Luxury Liner" and "Words and Music" have made her an authority on adolescent clothes.

Mrs. Rose, a smallish, dark-haired woman of immense charm, has a more than professional interest in dressing young girls: she has a daughter of her own. Thus, when she whips up dresses and suits and such for Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, Janet Leigh, and other movie youngsters, she does it with the thought that her own child will eventually wear like garb; that, as kids all over the world copy what is worn by movie stars, her daughter, too, will take notice and do likewise.

"The word for teen-agers today is 'femininity,'" she says. "That includes all the elements which make a girl seem charming: Neatness in hair and dress. Softness in line. Delicacy in design. And attention to accessories like shoes, hosiery, hats, gloves. It includes, too, a new dignity in oneself, a new manner of wearing whatever one is wearing. It means simplicity and breeding and quiet in the way one conducts oneself. It means, in short, a return to the spirit of the last century, when a girl was not a hoyden but a lady."

She thumbed through a sheaf of sketches of new clothes for Elizabeth Taylor—full-skirted dresses with tiny waists and frilly blouses to point up the young star's tiny waist. Soft and feminine—but beautifully fitted.

"Proper fitting is one of the most important things about clothes for adolescents," she said emphatically. "No matter how young and simple they are in design."

"Most teen-agers like quantity rather than quality, like lots of clothes rather than a few things which cost a great deal. But, no matter how much a girl pays for something, it must fit correctly. The hemline *must* be even—and the only sure way to get it so is to put the dress on and have someone measure the right distance from the floor with a ruler. And there is a law for the rest of the garment: Find the fine line between sloppiness and skin-tightness. Don't fit your clothes until the seams scream when you bend over, but have them taken in until there is no surplus material to destroy the neatness of your line.

"And when you buy a dress, too, remember that simplicity is the best course. If the manufacturer has put a gaudy pin or a fancy flower on an otherwise well-cut garment, take it off at once. Take off anything which is going to destroy the basic beauty of what you have purchased.

Another point: Shoulder pads. Hollywood has





**"SAD" DAYS
CAN BE
GLAD DAYS**

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
MENSTRUAL PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



given up the extreme shoulder which was popular a few years ago. But, at the same time, motion picture designers have not done away with padding entirely. They realize, you see, that many people need a little lift to give them balance, and this still remains. It is, however, a softer line, a more feminine line.

We asked Mrs. Rose about "problem figures," about the girls who can't walk into a size 10 and look wonderful.

"What about the fat girl, the chunky girl who has not yet found her waist?"

"That girl should stay away from skirts and blouses," Mrs. Rose answered. "Alone, without a jacket, they are apt to make her look 'tied-in-the-middle.' For her, the shirtmaker dress is excellent—and she can wear it in any version, for any occasion. She should avoid sweaters, too, and wear blouses under her suits. Suits are also her meat, with boxy jackets and straight skirts, or easy-fitting short jackets and slightly flared skirts. She should be careful always to have her skirt and jacket of the same material and color, as this will keep the long line which is slimming. Last, she must get over the idea that tight clothes will make her look small: they won't. Her things should be fitted, yes, but a bit on the loose side."

The Tall and Thin

"What about the very tall gal," we asked, "the gal nearing six feet?"

"That girl is the one who really gets a break," Mrs. Rose replied. "For she looks well in anything. The New Look is perfect for her, for instance. She can go to town with wide skirts and fancy blouses. She should watch for garments which widen, rather than those which slim. Her suits, for instance, should have yoke shoulders, to make a horizontal line at the throat. Peplums, too, are good for her. Should she wear high heels? Why not? I say Yes, unless she herself feels uncomfortable in them, or is dating someone much shorter."

"And then there's the terribly thin girl, Mrs. Rose," we said. "How about her?"

"She's another who gets a break these days," we were told. "For with frilly blouses and full skirts she can camouflage her extreme thinness. She can wear, too, bulkier clothes than most girls: Big, belted coats, huge plaids, yards of material. And she, by the way, should keep her hair a tiny bit longer than the others. It will make her face seem fuller."

"Last, the girl you can barely find," we said. "The big-as-a-minute girl."

"She is the one who should avoid any exaggeration," Helen Rose answered. "The things she *wants* to wear, thinks she *should* wear, you see, are often the very worst things she could put on. Take tall hats, for instance: She buys a hat eight inches high and is sure that it gives her height. She forgets, however, that the hat is so tremendous compared to her face that it throws her whole figure out of balance and makes her ridiculous. Or, she wears her hair long and bushy. That too is exactly the wrong thing for her: It drowns her features, muffles her shoulderline, takes away what little definiteness she has. The rule for her is, instead, the uncluttered line and short hair. Simplicity is her watchword and, since her figure is childish, delicacy and femininity are her prerogatives."

THERE'S ONLY ONE LOOK...

The Arden Look

By ELIZABETH ARDEN



EVER since Eve there's been only one right look . . . the look of a lovely woman. Just to touch Ardena Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Lotion is to know that you can only have incomparable results. Of course, Elizabeth Arden's cleansing method leaves skin cleaner, fresher, softer. But it's worth a queen's ransom to hear your friends say, "You've never looked lovelier!" . . . proof positive that Miss Arden's preparations have no rivals. So moderately priced, too. You need less to do more!

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THERE are two sections of a magazine really;—that supplied by the editors and—the interesting and informative material also supplied by advertisers. You pay a portion of the cost of Chatelaine, the advertiser pays another portion. Your confidence in Chatelaine “editorial” pages naturally carries over to the advertising pages—and your trust is well justified, because Chatelaine accepts only worthy products and services.

Your purchases of Chatelaine products and services contribute to the continued progress of your magazine and your greater reading enjoyment. When you write to an advertiser, will you kindly mention Chatelaine. Following is a directory by classifications of products and services advertised in Chatelaine during the past year and in this issue. As new advertisers come into Chatelaine, the directory will be republished from time to time.

AUTOMOTIVE

B. A. Service, Peerless Motor Oil
Peerless Gasoline

Ford
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Monarch
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Pontiac

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Anaconda Copper and Brass
Barrett Asphalt Shingles, Built-up Roofs
and Rock Wool Insulation
“B P” Asphalt Shingles, “B P” Insul-Bric
Siding and Insul Board
Crane Fittings, Piping and Fixtures
Hobbs Mirrors
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Pilkington Glass
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Love Lace Panties
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Caldwell Linen Towels
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Cash's Woven Names
Cherne Coats
Cherub Children's Underwear
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E.T. Bras, Corsets and Suspants
Fairway Sportswear
Flash Fasteners
Flexaire Bra and Flexees Foundations
Gayla Hold-Bob Bobby Pins
Goody Curlers and Combs
Gordon Mackay Bonnie Tot Sox,
Fabrics, Hosiery and Lingerie
Gor-Ray Skirts and Slacks
Gossard Foundations
Gothic Brassieres
Harris Tweed
Helen Harper Sweaters
Horrockses Cotton Fabrics
Irish Linen Guild Handkerchiefs
Kenwood Blankets
Kerner Dresses
Kirby Beard Needles and Pins
Klever Klad Dresses
Kroy Unshrinkable Wools
Lastex
Lelong and Nuback Foundations

Lennard's Underwear
Mercury Nylon Hose
Moderna Blankets
Monarch Babyalls
Monarch Knit Debutante Hosiery, Men's Socks,
Sweaters and Knitting Yarns
Monglo Gloves
Mossfield Blankets
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Newlands Knitting Yarns
Parisian Nature's Rival Foundations, Warner's
A'Lure Bra, Chafeze and Sta-up-top Girdle
Perma-Lift Brassieres
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Rainmaster Coats
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Rose Marie Reid Swim Suits
Rose Marx Braz.
Royal Seal Woollen and Worsted Fabrics
Silknet Su-lette Slips
Texmade Colonial Sheets
Vineberg Sport Clothes
Vinylite
Viyella Flannel
Viyella Wool Crepe
Wabasso Cottons
Welgroom Combs

DRUGS AND TOILET GOODS

BABY PRODUCTS

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Evenflo Nursers
Johnson's Baby Lotion
Johnson's Baby Oil and Powder
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Nestles Baby Hair Treatment
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Avon
Harriet Hubbard Ayer
Cashmere Bouquet
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Dura-Gloss
Dorothy Gray
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Hinds
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Lady Esther
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Avon
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Baby's Own
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Palmolive
Woodbury
Yardley

PROPRIETARIES AND MISCELLANEOUS

Absorbine Jr.
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Band Aid
Blue-Jay
Colgate Dental Cream
Eye-Gene
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivy Dry
Keystone Brushes
Kleenex
Kotex
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Lysol
Mentholum
Midol
Modess
Moone's Emerald Oil
Murine
Nature's Remedy (NR) Tablets
One-A-Day Vitamins
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Polident
Quest
Rendell's
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Vaseline
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Canada Dry Ginger Ale
Coca-Cola
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Life Insurance Companies in Canada
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
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Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Burns Canned Meats
Burns Sausage
Campbell's Soup
Canada Corn Starch
Carnation Milk
Certo
Chase & Sanborn Coffee
Christie's Ritz Crackers
Coleman's Mustard
Cream of Wheat
Crown Brand Corn Syrup
Davis Gelatine
Domestic Shortening
E. D. Smith's Tomato Ketchup
E. D. Smith's Tomato Paste
Fleischman's Fast Rising Yeast
Fry's Cocoa
Heinz Baby Foods
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Swift's Meat for Juniors
Swift's Premium Bacon
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8 Vegetable Juices
An Camp's Quick Meals
An Camp's Red Kidney Beans
Vi-Tone
Weston's Bread and Biscuits
Windsor Salt
York Canned Meats
York Frosted Fruits

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Dominion Seed House Seed and Nursery Book
Green Cross Modern Pest Control
Green Cross DDT Flower Spray
Green Cross Weed-No-More
Rain King Sprinklers

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Bissell Carpet Sweepers
Canadian Beauty Automatic Irons
Coffield Washers
Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs
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Easy Washing Machines
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Finlay Ranges
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General Electric Appliances
General Electric Lamps
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Imperial Loyalist Furniture
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Krene Plastic Fabrics
Locomotive Electric Washers
Locke Warm Morning Stove
Marbolem
Maytag Washers
McClary Electric Refrigerators
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Ozite Rug Cushion
Presto Cooker
Red Seal Chests
Renfrew Electric Appliances
Royal Brierley Crystal
Shelley "Georgian" China
Singer Sewing Machine
Sovereign Pottery
Spode Dinnerware
Sunbeam Ironmaster
Sunbeam Mixmaster
Supreme Cooking Utensils
Thor Laundry Equipment
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Warm Morning Coal Heaters
Way Sagless Mattresses
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Westinghouse Electric Appliances

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Birks Challenger Watches
Birks Diamonds
Bulova Watches
Coro Fashion Jewellery
Community Silverplate
Cyma Watches
Fremes "Charme" Diamonds
King's Plate
Orange Blossom Rings
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Gaytees
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McBrine Baggage
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Savage Shoes
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Bon Ami
Brillo
Capo Liquid Wax
C.I.L. Nylon Bristled Brushes
Dura Kleen
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Gillett's Lye
Goddard's Plate Powder & Silver Polish
Green Cross DDT Household Spray
Johnson's Waxes
Johnson's Glo-Coat Floor Polish
Kleenoff
Larvex
Memba Seals
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
Old Windsor Floor Wax
Sani Flush
Sealright Containers
S.O.S. Magic Scouring Pads
Vacu-Top Jars
Viceroy Jar Rings
3-in-1 Oil

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Eaton, Crane & Pike Stationery
Parker "51" Pens & Pencils
Quink
Regal Cards & Stationery

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British Railways
British Travel Association
Canadian National Railways
Canadian Pacific Railways
Ontario Dept. of Travel & Publicity
Trans-Canada Air Lines

MISCELLANEOUS

Brock's Bird Seed
Dominion Government Savings Bonds
Eagle Lion Films
Salvation Army
United Emergency Fund for Britain
Vinylite Plastics

"Now we'll live happily ever after!"

Mrs.: Having the 'flu is no picnic, heaven knows — but at least there's one good thing that's going to come out of it!

Mrs.: Look at the sunny side of life, I always say! What is this blessing that the little germs have brought?

Mr.: A new idea that'll give us Freedom from Worry. You see, last week when I was *really* sick, it started me thinking about my life insurance.

Mrs.: You've still got it, haven't you?

Mr.: Of course! But *now* I realize that our life insurance is so important that we should put it *first* in our budget. Then we can spend what's left of our income with a free mind.

Mrs.: Sounds mighty sensible to me. And if it will help keep you from worrying about the future, I'll promise not to spend a nickel until after we've made those life insurance payments!

Mr.: Good girl! Now how about another cup of coffee?



Life Insurance Woman's Way to Independence

A message from the Life Insurance Companies in Canada and their agents.

Continued from page 42

that figure please . . . it is fifty dollars a month which is about twelve dollars a week."

"With the Rothschilds, Disraeli, Pierpont Morgan and Henry Ford at your call why can't you make it fifty times fifty with the greatest ease?"

"Because spirit simply doesn't work that way. At this moment I sit here talking with you as me. At message time I am not me but an instrument of the spirit."

"Is Spiritualism advancing in Canada?"

"No, I don't believe it is. Our mediums are old or middle-aged. They are divided into two groups. We don't impress the young folks. They demand as you demand . . . 'why can't you tell me the winner of tomorrow's horse races? Come on give out. You read the future, now let's see you read it in some way that's worth while.' We can't do that . . . don't even try to do that . . . so young people are not impressed. They've also read articles in many publications to say that we use cheap trickery; that any third-rate magician can do all we can do and do it with ten times our showmanship. Some say we prey on impressionable women who have been emotionally disturbed by the loss or absence of a child. Young people have read this, seen it in pictures, heard it in gossip. It has damaged us. You say you are writing a piece now. It will probably damage us further. Most of them do."

"You sound discouraged."

"I am discouraged. We mediums have to throw out a feeling of the greatest possible confidence in ourselves and what we stand for but we seldom get encouragement."

You'll notice that this medium never made reference to the fact that she had brought me a message which, so far as I could figure out, could not have been done through trickery or advance knowledge.

Every moment I kept expecting this disheartened dowager to regain her poise as the domineering daughter of fate and demand of me . . . "How could I a stranger have known about the three Johns? How could I have known you had a bearded grandfather named John, a rich uncle named John and a youngest son named John? Answer me! Speak up! You who heckle me and what I stand for. Explain this please! Did you tell me you were coming here in time for me to go to the bother and cost of looking up your background? Even if I did could I have got what I've just told you?"

But no such questions were ever put. The medium apparently didn't remember what she'd said in the trance state.

We parted on a rather depressing note, "Please be kindly; we spiritualists have had our troubles and we have made many mistakes. You could do much to help us."

No attempt has been made here to write a scientific article. Nothing I've done merits the word research. More than 90 per cent of what I saw and heard was negative but the residue was enough to make many of us ponder and puzzle ourselves.

And besides, mystery and wonder make for a more interesting world. You'd be in an awful rut if you didn't get baffled and mystified once in a while; now wouldn't you? +

Made for each Other

**Baby's Own
3 Step Formula**



and your baby



1

**BABY'S OWN
Soap**

.. with its feathery, fluffy white lather that whisks the impurities from each tiny pore.



2

**BABY'S OWN
Oil**

.. smooth on tender scalp, pat soaked pad around diaper region and—goodbye to chafing.



3

**BABY'S OWN
Powder**

.. a fluffy, fragrant cloud and a film of protection that banishes roughness or irritation.

Baby's Own

SOAP • OIL • POWDER

MADE JUST FOR BABY...

Child Health Clinic

Training Your Baby

by ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON M.D.

A GOOD many mothers are too concerned about training their babies in toilet habits. Actually, a baby does a great deal of the training himself. As he gets older, he gradually learns how to control his bowels and bladder. You guide him, of course, but you'll get along better if you are not too strict and serious about it.

Until quite recently, a mother was advised to start holding her baby over a chamber when he was a few months old. If he usually had his movement at a regular time this worked very well as far as avoiding soiled diapers was concerned. However, a baby less than seven to nine months of age doesn't connect the sensation he feels in his rectum with the passage of a movement and therefore you can't really train him in bowel control before this age.

When he is younger, you may catch some of his movements which makes you feel you are teaching him. Actually, you aren't and you will be disappointed later on, and it's hard not to show it. The psychologists tell us that some babies are actually harmed by very early attempts at training. So to avoid such trouble you should delay starting until your baby can sit up steadily alone and until you have some intimation of when he is going to have a movement. Some babies have their movements at regular times—say 10 minutes or so after their breakfasts—which is very convenient. If you put such a baby on his toilet chair a few

minutes before this time, the chances are that he will perform as desired. Say "toilet" when you put him on, so that he will connect this word with this activity.

Other babies indicate either by some noise or action, such as a grunt, or by certain expressions on their faces when they are going to have a movement. By watching them and popping them on promptly you can begin your training.

When your baby does have a movement when he is on his chair tell him casually that is what you wanted him to do. Too much praise, however, should be avoided. If your baby does not have a regular time and does not give you any warning of his impending movement, you had better put off starting your training until he does one of these things. You certainly shouldn't keep him on his chair for more than a few minutes and you shouldn't put him on too often. If you do either of these things he will likely object which will upset your training program greatly. You don't want to start him fighting against you.

A SMALL toilet chair is more suitable for training than a small seat on a toilet, where he feels insecure and may be frightened by the flushings. It is also unwise to use suppositories, the tip of a rubber catheter, or the end of a thermometer to induce a movement. You don't want him to develop the suppository habit or in other words to be unable to have a movement without such a stimulus. Besides it arouses his interest in the anal region which is better avoided. Using a suppository for a few days in succession accomplishes nothing. Using them for longer periods may be habit forming.

If he has a second movement during the day, it will be almost sure to occur at irregular times and you should not try to catch it. Not infrequently your training will progress very nicely until he is about 15 months old and then he will stop co-operating. This is because he is becoming more independent. Don't let this make you mad. Let him alone for a while, he will come around again all right. A trip away from home or an attack of diarrhoea may put him off schedule for some time also. Be friendly and casual. Shaming or scolding won't help at all.

It is important to avoid hard movements or constipation. Hard movements hurt him when he passes them and he may be afraid to try to pass one the next day. If you see any indication that his movements are becoming hard give him extra prune juice or prune puree or more orange juice or a little milk of magnesia. If the trouble doesn't clear up at once ask your physician's advice. Don't register any disgust either by word or action in regard to his movements.

If you avoid hard movements and if you can keep your training program free of serious struggles he will largely train himself. Set battles are very bad. You gain nothing by them and he may object to everything as a result. Avoid them, especially in his second year.

If he is unhappy—for instance if he is jealous of all the attention his baby sister is getting from you—he may backslide and soil himself again. What he needs here is more attention from you. If you give him this, he will soon come back to his normal routine. +

When baby's sobs mean "Childhood Constipation"



... give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children—again available in the Family-Size Bottle."

WHEN your baby is tearful and fussy . . . when she sobs because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give her **Castoria**.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative made especially for children

Get **Castoria** at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.

And remember . . . the money-saving Family-Size Bottle is back!





Cleaning the toilet bowl isn't a stoop-and-scrub job any more! Just pour in Gillett's Lye—full strength—and flush. Brown stains disappear. Toilet bowl is gleaming white quicker than you can say "Gillett's is wonderful!"

Make Gillett's your handy helper for cleaning drains, cleaning greasy pans—all the dirty household jobs!

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of lye itself heats water.

Gives more time for other things...

Quick... Easy... Lasting...

Goddard's Silver Polish

FAMOUS FOR OVER 100 YEARS



Also SILVER WOOL, SILVER CLOTHS and FURNITURE CREAM 10C

SALES AGENT BONE, McKENZIE, & CO. LTD. TORONTO

Reader Takes Over

Equal Blame

Dear Editor: The story, "Corsage Racket," in October Chatelaine omitted to tell the story fully enough to do justice by the floristry profession. Therefore we have no doubt you will gladly give your readers some further information on commercial floristry.

No industry in Canada can compare favorably with the flower industry when it comes to keeping prices down to prewar levels. A large percentage of both growing and retailing is done by families, where every individual puts both industry and public ahead of personal interest. The florists are greatly in need of public co-operation.

Your story may serve a useful purpose. It has given the president and directors of United Florists of Canada not a little concern. Their first reaction was that great harm had been done the trade. Therefore prompt action was needed. An investigation had to be made. Was the story true or false? Was there a racket being carried on, and if so by whom? The real facts we believe have been secured.

Males in the "high and varsity crowd," to use your term, are not required by any florist we know to pay \$2.50 to \$5 for "each fragrant posy." The majority of corsages cost \$1.50 each, and many florists have furnished corsages to high-school groups at \$1. However, there are individuals among students to whom money finds its greatest value in outdoing others. Therefore, the blame for too high prices can, in our opinion, be placed about equally between the customer and the florist. Records show that over 75% of all corsage sales are made at \$1.50 in our investigation which was made in more than a score of important centres all over Ontario.

Chatelaine can take credit for broadening our Code of Ethics and making them more specific. And we hope the trade will thereby become less vulnerable.

—W. A. Gunn
United Florists of Canada, Toronto, Ont.

Ed.'s Note: Writer Morris says florists themselves were first to tell her of high-schoolers' foolish demand for high-priced corsages. We are glad to give our readers this point of view.

Cover to Cover

Dear Editor: Congratulations on Chatelaine's "New Look." While formerly I took more or less one glance and then didn't bother, now I practically read from "cover to cover."—Frances McGee
Ottawa, Canada.

... I certainly did enjoy the articles and fiction in your November issue, but I am thoroughly disgusted with the cover design. It's too bad the artist couldn't find anything more suitable or attractive as a "Prelude to Winter Beauty." A branch of some of our cone-bearing trees or a skating scene would have greater appeal to the general public.

—A. C. Brooks
Woodstock, N.B.

... Daughter Shelagh, age four years and four months, has named your

November cover girl the "Buttons and Bows Lady"—because she wears "peek-a-boo clothes!" —Mrs. R. A. Howie
Rossmere, Quebec.

More Stories Wanted

Dear Editor: In October Chatelaine you had a top-drawer story by a young Canadian writer named Henry. It's a refreshing and extremely well-turned piece called "The Rainmaker." She has talent galore. Please give us more of this girl's work.

—K. Harrison
Detroit, Mich.

Funerals Harrowing

Dear Editor: I have read with interest Peter Davidson's article, "I Plan My Own Funeral," and heartily agree with all he says. I am a British war bride, and after attending my first funeral in Canada, have decided to be cremated with as little fuss and expense as possible. I found visits to the funeral home, flowers and the open coffin in church most harrowing...

... Your article on funerals and their cost is timely, if perhaps sad; but funeral homes do provide what is necessary for so many people who live in hotels, rooming houses and apartments...

—Forence Smith
Saint John, N.B.

... Further to Mr. Davidson's article, perhaps a few words from a member of the profession are in order. First, may I commend the author on having actually visited a funeral home before writing his article. Too many of our critics do not bother to obtain the facts before leveling criticism in our direction. Also preknowledge of funeral information and prearrangement of funerals can do much to further understanding between our profession and the public whom we serve...

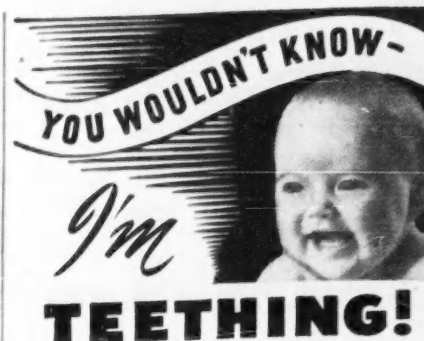
No doubt funerals are a financial burden to families in modest circumstances as are also the costs of many items that enter into our daily living. But it has been my observation that families will not accept for their loved ones funerals of a lower cost than their standards of living will allow, and the funeral director is one of the few individuals today who constantly endeavors to provide the maximum service to all at rates which are deliberately held down to provide service even to those in the lowest financial brackets...

—Angus A. MacLeod
Hagersville, Ont.

"Bard" Revolting

Dear Editor: I really must register a small protest against your movie critic's latest piece, "Movie Hamlet Makes History"—in particular the last sentence, "The bard himself would be delighted." If by that revolting expression, "the bard," your critic means Shakespeare, I find it hard to believe that he or any other dramatist would be delighted with any adaptation of his work that leaves out some of the finest soliloquies.

—A. Butler
Windsor, Ont.



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DOMINION SEED HOUSE GEORGETOWN, ONT.

You're in There Somewhere

Continued from page 16

afford 75c-a-lb. butter to women who can't afford any at all.

And somewhere in their reports to us your *thinking* is to be found, whether you're a councilor or not.

What becomes of the ballots, once they are returned to Chatelaine?

First, each one is carefully read, for the "feeling" it gives and for special notes. They are then all packaged and sent to the Canadian Opinion Company, where each question is tabulated by machine for the "Yeses" and "Nos." When this is completed, a detailed printed report is returned to Chatelaine. From this report, and from the information we have gleaned in reading the ballots ourselves, a Chatelaine feature story is written.

But that is only the beginning. Once the story appears requests for reprints flood in. More than 4,000 reprints of our story on the High Cost of Milk were asked for.

From our Kitchen report, published last year, a 28-page booklet entitled *Step Inside 1,500 Canadian Kitchens*, resulted. This report went to more than 2,000 Canadian businessmen. Today, a year later, requests for this booklet from the United States and the United Kingdom are still being received. In addition, this same report is being used by our Home Planning Editor as a guide in an important series of articles on house planning.

So when our Councilors fill out their ballots and return them to us, this is only the beginning. Their opinions are going to travel a long long way.

What type of ballot is most popular with Chatelaine Councilors?

The ballot which touches most closely her own personal problems; problems of food and clothing; problems of behavior. For example, the ballots on High Cost of Milk, on Margarine and on Liquor in the Home, brought the highest returns.

The most important angle of Chatelaine's Consumer Council is the opportunity it gives women to express their ideas in a truly representative way. In women's groups and clubs there are usually a few leaders whose opinions are so strong, and who present them so forcefully that many others, with opposite viewpoints, never make them known.

Our greatest strength lies in the fact that Chatelaine Councilors answer by ballot, and are free to speak their own

minds, without stress of outside influence. Their names, of course, are never divulged.

The promptness in replying, and the conscientious interest with which our Councilors seem to regard their role is gratifying. The asides, the personal comments also bring us very close to them. One Councilor asked, "I and my family don't always agree on the answers to the questions. Which do you want—my opinion or the whole family's?" Our answer to that was, of course, hers.

Another Councilor wrote, "What am I to do, I never see my ballot? When it arrives my husband opens it, answers and mails it before I even know it has arrived."

If a Councilor misses sending in a ballot she frequently sends in an explanation such as this, "Sorry I missed sending in my ballot last month, but I was in the hospital awaiting a baby daughter."

One note startled Chatelaine editors a little, and made the Councilor laugh at herself, after it was all over. She wrote, "I got my ballot just before leaving for the hospital. I've filled it out and it's in the drawer beside my bed. I'm just going into the operating room, so for goodness sake, if I don't come out send someone for the ballot."

How did we get our Councilors?

We had three sources. The first source was through the many Canadian women interested in the consumer viewpoint who had worked with the editor of Chatelaine during war years.

Our second source was Chatelaine's Institute Consulting Board which was merged with the Council. We brought our strength up to 2,000 by writing to Chatelaine subscribers of several years standing.

We now have a fourth source. Chatelaine readers who write to us asking if they may become members.

A small percentage of the Council changes because of illness or removal to the U. S. or England, so we are constantly on the alert for new members to enable us to keep the Council properly balanced at all times.

So far, some of our Chatelaine editors have met, personally, about 25% of our members. Meeting Councilors has been an interesting and heart-warming experience. All of them are lively and keen and, we think, very charming. We like our Councilors so much that it is our ambition to meet them all some day, even to the one Councilor in the Yukon Territory. But whether we have met them or not, all our Councilors have become very real to us.

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2712—Teen-age blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12: 2 of 35" or 39"; 1 1/2 of 54". Price 25c.

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2609—Teen-age skirt in waist sizes 24, 25, 26, 28. Size 25: 3 1/2 of 35"; 3 1/2 of 39"; 2 1/2 of 54". Price 25c.

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This is the first issue of Chatelaine to be printed 10 miles away from our editorial home base. The new plant was recently honored by a visit from Governor-General and Lady Alexander. It was the first time Their Excellencies had ever toured a printing plant and they kept up a rapid fire of questions. As he is an artist himself, the Governor-General was particularly interested in the original magazine covers on display and the processes by which they were being reproduced. Lady Alexander showed a keen interest in the ultramodern equipment—particularly the handsomely fitted cafeteria. Horace T. Hunter, President of Maclean-Hunter, is standing between Their Excellencies, while Mr. Thomas Howse, vice-president, explains the intricacies of a folding machine.

Chatelaine Roundabout



We're all in a festive mood around here because once again a Chatelaine writer has carried off the Memorial Award of the Canadian Women's Press Club for the best news story of the year. The winner—Lotta Dempsey, our feature editor. The story that won out over all others—"We the People Versus the Sex Criminal" published in this magazine last January. A gold medal and a cheque for \$100 will be presented to Miss Dempsey at the Triennial Convention of the Canadian Women's Press Club in Vancouver next June.

Chatelaine editorial offices have seemed a little like the waiting rooms of Union Station this month . . . so many visitors from different parts of the country and the world . . . Britain . . . the West Indies . . . Europe . . . the West Coast . . . and you'll be getting exciting pages from their experiences in the months to come. Then there were the Giauques, from Edmonton (whose story you'll find on pages 10 and 11) and who everyone quite agreed were the nicest millionaires we'd ever met; lunching with Mrs. G. at a Chinese restaurant,

she admitted (when pressed) that she could fluff up rice as well as our Oriental hosts (and that all her sons can cook and keep house as well as her daughter!) We were fascinated the day we took pictures of Grace Webster as the Medium with Gordon Sinclair for "Spiritualism" on page 12. And got an insight into how much every gesture of the hands can mean on the part of a talented actress. Everyone wants to know if Chatelaine editorial will be moving out to the new printing plant. No. We'll be doing business at 481 University Ave. as usual, with a little more elbow room when you drop in from anywhere.



On January first, Evelyn Kelly's name was regrettably removed from the door of the fashion editor's office—and the key turned over to her successor, Mildred Spicer, who has wanted to write fashions since she was 12. She started her career as a high-style model, then as a creator of ideas and a writer of advertising copy, and now . . . here she is . . . our new Fashion Ed. Evelyn goes with our very best wishes to life in a country home just outside Toronto with her husband and small daughter.

Chatelaine for January

Vol. 22

No. 1

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Would You Die for Canada?

(Well . . . would you live for her?)

An Editorial by
Byrne Hope Sanders

IT'S EASY enough to speak of dying for one's country; especially from a platform, with an emotional tremolo in the voice.

Listening to the Tremolo the other night, I wondered how many of us sitting comfortably in the audience would, if we were put to the test, actually offer to die for our country?

Searching my own mind, I decided that in all probability, I wouldn't. What about you?

If you're like me, you'll share my startled thoughts. If on the other hand you would die for your country—have you figured out just what you would be giving your life for?

It's an important question to think about, at the beginning of the fourth year of peace. For whether we believe we would, or would not, die for our country, we've got a herculean job ahead in living for it. Only if we face that job with our best energy and imagination, can we dare think about our Dead, next November 11—for even two minutes.

WHAT IS our Country?

Its real meaning, I think, lies buried in another cliché—"our way of life." It is concerned with the way our family lives; the way we go to church; the way we run our government; the way we make our life mean something good.

Yes—that's what makes life worth living. The ideals it represents are what men have believed worth dying for.

We who have our Country and all it means, because they died for it, must learn how to live for it. Else their deaths will mean nothing.

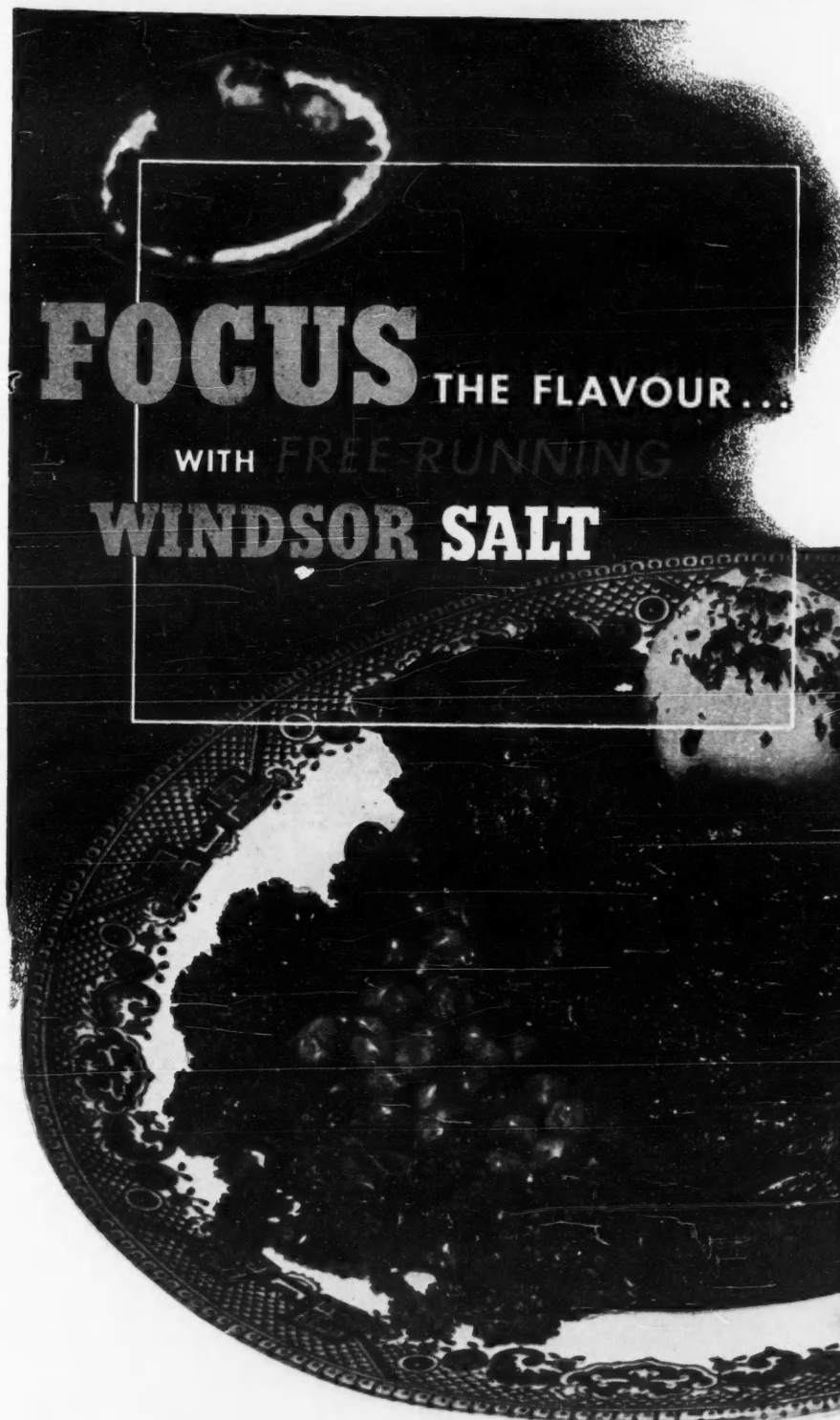
WE BEGIN to live for it when we really try to think forcefully and positively about what makes our country so tremendous a force in our lives.

We must give back to it, the things it needs for its strength; rather than just taking from it all the time.

We make our country come alive when we know in our own hearts and minds, the stand she takes on the controversial issues rocking the world today. For we, her people, with our votes, our actions and our beliefs must answer for this stand our country takes.

We make our country mean something when we encourage its creative artists with our interest and our dollars. When we take definite action to keep our young people in Canada. When we see that our children know something of the men and women who make Canada great—yesterday and today. When we use our vote. When we try to build into our own individual way of life the principles which build the way of life our nation expresses.

DYING FOR one's country is a noble death. Living for one's country is a noble life—and perhaps, more difficult of achievement.

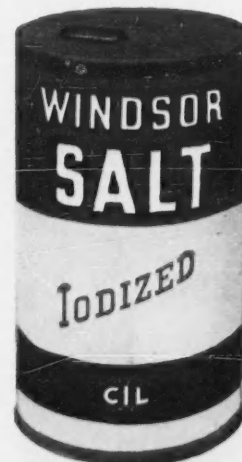


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